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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

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HEAD
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THE DEACON'S FRIGHT.

The President himself was not so well known or respected in Pear County as was James Hargrave.

The deacon, for Hargrave had long held that office in the Methodist church, was a solid business man. His farm was the envy of the neighbors and the pride of the county. He raised the finest cattle and sent the best crops to the market, while as for his butter there was nothing in the whole of the State which could surpass it in richness and delicious sweetness.

In the eyes of his wife—for of course the deacon was married—he had but one fault, and that was a grievous one.

He was a member of the well known social club which at certain times and seasons flung out its banner to the breeze on which the name of the Roaring Buffaloes was conspicuously printed.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," his wife frequently declared. "You, at your time of life, and a deacon, too, to go and march about calling yourself a Buffalo."

There was something inconsistent about it, perhaps, but still in palliation it must be noted that Hargrave had been one of the founders of the club away back, long before he married Tabitha and joined the church, and the old associations were too strong for him.

He had given up most of the pleasures of youth, but his club he could not forsake. Not that there was anything wrong in the club. No, it was orderly and well managed, and some of the best people of the town were members.

The Roaring Buffaloes had a lodge room of their own, and the slight refreshments necessary to keep up the roaring character of the members were kept on the premises.

"If a Buffalo wants whiskey he ought to have the very best," said the deacon when a question as to the propriety of having beer, wines and spirits kept in the club room was first mooted.

The meetings were held once a week, and no matter whether the rain descended in torrents, or the snow almost blinded the pedestrian, through summer's heat and winter's cold, Deacon Hargrave was always one of the first to arrive and nearly the last to leave.

This was more commendable seeing that his house was distant over two miles from the town, and his way was through a dense wood, the undergrowth forming an almost impenetrable barrier on either side of the narrow path.

Many a time did the good Tabitha plead with her liege lord to stay at home on dark nights, but all her eloquence was wasted. He would arm himself with a good thick stick and go through the wood laughing at dangers real and imaginary.

It was early in January, 18—. The night was as dark as any time since that phenomenal darkness which came over the Egyptians and which might have been cut with a knife.

It was club night, however, and the Buffalo would not stay away.

"Why, deacon, we didn't expect you," was the first greeting from his fellow members when he entered the lodge room.

"Why?"

"Wasn't it dark?"

"A trifle—yes, but I've gone that road my boy, for nigh on thirty years, so I don't need any light," answered the deacon proudly.

"But still—" and then there was a pause.

"Still what?

"Have you not heard?"

"Heard? What are you talking about?"

"The ghost," answered a young Roaring Buffalo.

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the deacon, as though the very word was provocative of mirth. His sides shook and his ponderous form seemed to be in soarings, for there was not a muscle that did not quiver with merriment.

"You may laugh, but it is so."

"Yes; fact!" said another.

"Ghost?—where, when, who has seen it?" asked the deacon, somewhat impressed with the solemn manner of the members.

"In Hargrave Wood," answered the first who had expressed surprise at the deacon's appearance.

"A ghost! Ha! ha! ha! In my wood! Ha! ha! ha! Well, that is too good!"

"Laugh as you like, but it's true. Why, how is it, deacon, you have not heard about it?"

"Who has seen it?"

"I have," was the solemn answer of a man whose word was as good as many a man's oath.

That altered the aspect of affairs. It was now a matter of discussion instead of mirth, and Deacon Hargrave insisted on hearing a full and complete account of the member's interview or encounter with the supernatural visitor.

"Last night was as dark as—well, not quite as dark as to-night—but still too dark to be pleasant," the interviewer of the Hargrave Wood ghost commenced, "and I had to go to Lenahan's to see about getting his plow, for mine had broken—"

"Never mind the plow; tell us of the ghost!"

"As I was saying, I went to Lenahan's house, but he was not at home. His wife, who is a comely dame, invited me to stay awhile, and as I wanted to have an answer that night I accepted the invitation and waited. To make a long story short, it was nine o'clock before I left, and I thought I would go through the wood home, as it cut off a tidy distance—maybe half a mile or so, eh, deacon?"

"Nearer a mile," was the deacon's reply.

"Well, on I went, whistling just for company's sake, for I was rather nervous."

Here the deacon became fidgety, for it was his favorite idea that fear was only for children and nervousness an attribute of women. The narrator, however, appeared not to notice the deacon's manner, and continued:

"I had got to the narrow bridge which crosses the stream, when I thought that maybe a pipe would be a comfort. I took out my tobacco and loaded up my old cherrywood pipe"—the Buffalo was always very exact in his descriptions—"and then felt for a match. I put my fingers into each of my pockets, but not a match could I find. I was mad, for I wanted a smoke worse than anything. What could I do? I looked up, when right before me I saw two flames of fire—"

The deacon became interested and looked intently at the speaker, but the careful observer would have perceived the incredulous twitching of the mouth.

"Yes, flames of fire, I repeat. Was I frightened? Not a bit. I was too overjoyed for fear. I crossed the bridge, but where was the fire [illegible] as I walked forward the fire receded and I had to go without my smoke. I spoke to the object, but not a sound could I get in reply. When I left the fire disappeared, and I was alone. Now, if that wasn't a ghost, what was it?"

That was the small foundation on which was built the story of the Hargrave Wood ghost.

It was not much; but the solemn manner in which the story was told and the highly dramatic gestures caused the faces of the Buffaloes to be blanched as white as January snow.

The deacon was ill at ease, but was determined not to allow any one to see that he placed even the very slightest reliance on the story.

He tried to laugh, but it was a sickly effort, and his face gradually paled, when a brother member suddenly asked:

"Is not this about the time of year when old Jake was murdered in that very wood?"

"Yes; he was killed on the eleventh and his body was found in that very stream on the thirteenth."

"Why, yesterday was the eleventh."

"So it was."

"Then that would be old Jake's ghost, and it will walk again to-night," was the assertion of one of the oldest members, who had often entertained the roaring Buffaloes with stories of the supernatural.

"Don't go home to-night, deacon," suggested one of the members.

"Not go home! What would Tabitha say?"

"Ho!"

This was followed by a loud laugh, for all knew that the deacon was really afraid of his better half, and on only one point had been able to hold his own, and that was the membership of the club.

The hour for departure had come, and the good deacon started on his homeward journey.

He had laughed at fear, but it must be acknowledged that he had great difficulty in keeping up his spirits as he entered the narrow path of the wood.

Cold shivers passed continually over him, and, as he afterwards said, "it seemed that his backbone had turned to ice."

Still, on he went, thoughts of Tabitha overcoming his fast increasing nervousness. The bridge over the stream was reached. Although dignified by the name of bridge it in reality only consisted of some fallen trees which had been flung across the narrow chasm through which the stream flowed.

The deacon looked straight ahead, but no sign of the supernatural was visible.

Still he trembled, for the wind blew strongly down the little valley, and Hargrave was never, even in daylight, very sure-footed. He stepped on the bridge and a sudden gust of wind raised his hat and sent it scurrying along among the trees.

He trembled and tottered on the frail bridge, and then, as no one was looking, he lowered himself on his knees and proceeded to cross as became a Buffalo—on all fours.

Never had that bridge seemed so long, but the longest lane has an end, and the deacon was priding himself that the worst was over, when a blood-curdling shriek struck upon his ear.

His hair stood on end, every pore was opened and the cold perspiration burst forth. He was afraid to look up, and yet what could he do?

Again came the horrible shriek and the deacon offered up a prayer for his safety. He was trembling in every limb's, his blood seemed frozen in his veins, and he felt he was at last losing all power over his limbs. A consciousness seized him that he was being watched.

A strange fear possessed him.

What if old Jake's ghost really did haunt that wood?

Fast the thoughts flitted through his brain and he remembered that he had often treated old Jake with sharpness.

Nay, on that very night when the old man had met with such a terrible death in the darkness of the wood he had turned him away from his door.

Jake had loaded himself with too much whiskey and had begged shelter of the deacon for the night.

But that washy pillar of the church upbraided him with his drunkenness and closed the door in his face.

All this he now remembered as he knelt on that frail bridge and listened to the unearthly shrieks.

It was horrible!

How he regretted the unkind and very unneighborly act.

Had he sheltered the old man his life would have been saved.

But in his self-righteousness he had sent the drunken man to an untimely end. The deacon prayed for pardon, but even as he did so he feared that forgiveness was not for him.

He suffered all the tortures of the lost, and the agony was so great that he wished for death to put an end to his miseries. Laugh at fear! Never again could he do so.

Mock at nervousness! No, for that night he was the most timid and nervous man in all New York State. He had tried to forget his cruel act towards old Jake, but conscience was now torturing him for it. Conscience would not slumber and would not bury the past in oblivion.

The minutes were developing into an hour, and he must rouse himself or perish in the cold.

He felt his beard freezing solid, while his clothes, which had been bathed in perspiration and dew, were as stiff as glass and seemed nearly as brittle. He pulled himself together and stood up.

There in front of him he saw a pair of eyes glaring like those of a phantasmagoric demon. They burned into his very soul.

What should he do? He dare not go forward, for those eyes were like daggers whose points already had penetrated his heart.

But he could not go back. No, he had but courage enough to turn his face away from the penetration of those balls of fire. Why had he not taken the advice of his friends and stayed in town that night, or, better still, have listened to his wife and missed the meeting of the Roaring Buffaloes? Why, indeed?

Buffalo for sooth! There never was a lamb more timid and helpless.

He looked steadily at those eyes; they seemed to get larger until, like great suns, they shut out everything else. They were getting nearer.

He would stand still, for in reality he dared not move.

The deacon thought his last hour had come. He thought of Tabitha and the farm and could not be reconciled to death.

He looked into the blazing orbs, now getting nearer and yet nearer.

His breath had sunk to a spasmodic gasp. He felt the veins in his face swelling as though they would burst, his sinews became like whipcord, his eyes were getting dim with the perspiration which, despite the cold, came from every pore. He could hear the breathing of his awful antagonist. It was regular, while his was fitful. Now he was but a yard away. One more second of time and the deacon would be no more.

It was awful; never did human being experience so great torture.

He looked, and as he saw a monster in front of him he gave utterance to a shriek which echoed and re-echoed through the woods.

Again he shrieked, and as he did so he found himself being pushed from the bridge.

* * * * * * *

"Deacon! I say, deacon! Wake up, or are you going to stay there all night?"

The deacon opened his eyes and saw the wife of his bosom standing close to him and shaking him vigorously.

He looked round and found himself sitting by the table in his own kitchen.

"How did I get here?" he asked. Whereupon his wife laughed as though she had never heard so comic a question before.

"How did I get home?" he again asked.

"Where from?"

"The club."

Tabitha laughed and the deacon's face grew red with excitement. He jumped to his feet but sat down again quickly. His legs, he said, "were all pins and needles," but he missed the chair and lay at full length upon the hard kitchen floor.

Tabitha assisted him to his feet. He looked at the clock. Its hands pointed to the hour of nine.

At once the deacon thought he had been in a delirium of fever and that perhaps days, it might be weeks, had elapsed since he had met the spectre in the wood.

"How did I get home from the club?" he again asked.

"You did not go."

"Not go?"

"No. I asked you not to go out to-night, but you laughed at me. You ate heartily of mince pie for supper and fell asleep before I cleared the table, so I let you sleep."

"And was it all a dream?"

"I don't know what you are talking about, but you have never left this room to-night."

It was humiliating, but true. The deacon had missed the meeting of the Roaring Buffaloes for the first time in thirty years, but he had learned some lessons.

He was a changed man from that day. He never sneered at fear or mocked at nervousness, but he always had a welcome smile for the unfortunate and never turned a wayfarer from his door. His terrible nightmare had worked a mighty revolution in him, and he often tells the story with full dramatic vigor and power of "Deacon Hargrave's Fright."

LIKE JOHNSON.

"Let me tell you a little story about my trip to the East in the spring of '50," said Bob Babcock, in the Supervisors' office, the other day.

"All right; fire away, Bob."

"When I was a boy I attended school in a village in Massachusetts. I was studying at the time for the ministry. With that object in view I was placed in school; but the gold fever struck me in '52 and I came to California. I never made enough—or, rather, I never saved enough—to visit the East until '50.

"On my trip across the continent I suffered terribly from my teeth, and I determined that when I reached Boston I would have them attended to, before visiting my folks in New Hampshire. Reaching Boston, I went into an imposing suite of dental parlors. On taking the chair the dentist inquired:

"'Stranger in Boston?'

"'Yes.'

"'What part of the country are you from?'

"'From California.'

"'Well, I declare! I'm glad to see you. I've got a friend out there somewhere by the name of Johnson. He used to go to school with me, and how much you resemble him! Is this the tooth you wish filled? There's a large cavity in it. Johnson went to California in '55. He was a bright fellow; a young man of much promise. Does this tooth trouble you? It's slightly decayed.'

"Mr. Goodall (that was the dentist's name), I wish you would fix my teeth as expeditiously as possible. The train making connection with the Gorham stage leaves at 12.05, and it is the only train that makes the connection to-day. I don't want to be compelled to stay over until to-morrow.'

"'Johnson, I think, went into the brokerage business in San Francisco,' continued the dentist, not noticing my interruption. 'The last time I saw him he was a sprightly boy—for you couldn't call him anything else very well; but you know twenty-five years make a great change in all of us. I declare, every expression of countenance and the tone of your voice remind me of Tom Johnson.'

"'Mr. Goodall,' I entreated, 'will you attend to my teeth? I don't want to miss that train. It will leave in one hour and three-quarters.'

"'Very well, sir; but you do look, appear and talk like Tom Johnson, who went to California in '55.'

"The dentist went to work. He filled two teeth, and extracted another which had given me great pain. Frequently he would stop in his work and remark, 'Head like Johnson's,' 'Ears like Tom's,' 'Hair like Johnson's,' 'Feet like Tom's,' 'Voice like Johnson's,' 'Hands like Tom's.'

"After the dentist had concluded his manipulations I arose and extended my hand. 'Goodall, I am Johnson!'

"'Tom, I knew it! I am devilish glad to see you, old boy! Many years since we played over the Andover Hills. How have you been? How's times in California? What's become of Jim Berry? Tom, I'm devilish glad to see you!'

"'Goodall, it's now 12 o'clock and I must catch that train. I'm coming back to Boston within a week, and I'll drop around and see you!'

"'Do, Tom, do.'

"'How much do I owe you?

"'Not a cent, Tom; not a cent. Do you want to insult me?'

"As I went out of the door Goodall remarked, 'Tom, don't fail to come and see me. We'll have a thundering good time.'

"Did you know the dentist, Bob?"

"Never saw him before or since."—California Mayerick.

"Gall" Classified as Freight.

Scene—Kentucky Central railroad general office, Covington, Ky., before passage of interstate-commerce act. Sam Morse, the general passenger agent, sitting on an air-cushion to keep cool.

Enter theatrical agent. "Good morning, Mr. Morse. Want to run down the line. Can you fix me out?"

S. M.—"Certainly, sir, with pleasure; where are you going?"

T. A.—"Lexington."

S. M. handing theatrical man's card to the clerk.—"Make out a pass to Lexington and return."

T. A. taking the pass—"Thanks. By the way, Mr. Morse, I would like to run over to Washington, while down that way. Can you fix me over your connecting line."

S. M.—"No. I have none of their blank passes; besides you could not ride on their passenger trains."

T. A.—"Why, how is that, coaches crowded?"

S. M.—"Well no, not that, but their classification requires that gall in large quantities shall be transported by freight."

Mother's Darling.

Says one of Atlanta's most lovable young men:

"I find more real pleasure in a quiet, intellectual conversation with my mother than in the society of any young lady that I ever saw.

Now such a boy as that is worth winning, and when won worth keeping.

THE PLAGUE OF HER LIFE.

Twenty-five years ago, just at sunset, a motley group might have been seen assembled on the piazza of a rude country inn, known as The Black Tavern, from its appearance. Its warped and twisted boards were blackened by the storms of many a winter, and its old faded sign creaked dolefully in every passing breeze.

It was in a quiet country hamlet, shut in from the busy world by green hills, many miles from any railroad, and retaining all the primitive ways of half a century ago.

The men had congregated, as was their usual custom, to sip some of Landlord Aiken's cider, tell a few stories, and retail stale jokes.

Suddenly a tall, stalwart man, with a peddler's pack on his shoulders, and leading by the hand a little girl, emerged from a cross-road and approached the group. The man and his pack were too common a sight in those days to attract attention, but the child clinging to his hand fascinated their gaze.

She was a girl of ten years, small for her age, with a bright elfish face, black hair and eyes, the latter large and brilliant. Her skin was brown from exposure to the sun, her dress old and faded, and her feet bare, but small and shapely.

"Good evening, friends," said the peddler, depositing his pack on the piazza, and taking off his straw hat to wipe his heated brow.

"Have you come far?" asked the landlord, pushing forward a couple of chairs.

The stranger took one and seated the little girl in the other, and threw his arm protectingly around her as he answered:

"From S——, three days since. It's fully twenty miles, but my little companion is not over-strong for such a journey."

"Is it your little girl?" asked one of the men.

"No; I have neither chick nor child. I am taking her to her friends. Can you tell me where Squire Wagner lives?"

"He lives over there in the graveyard," replied the landlord, pointing to a grassy enclosure on the hillside opposite.

"Is there any of the family living?"

"One—Miss Dorothy, who lives up in the old farmhouse yonder. The rest are all dead, unless it be Fred, the youngest, a wild harum-scarum fellow, who went off years ago."

"This is his little girl; he is dead," said the peddler.

"When did he die?"

"I've not time to tell you now," said the newcomer, as he felt the child start at the question. "What sort of woman is Miss Dorothy?"

"Oh, a sort of crab-apple species, you know. Had a disappointment in early life that dried up all her sweetness," said one man.

"The farmers hereabouts get her to look into their cider barrels to make vinegar," responded another, and a laugh went round.

The peddler looked troubled.

"Will she be kind to the little girl?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; she wouldn't hurt a worm, and she'll get plenty to eat. She isn't stingy, but she isn't one of the soft, loving kind," eagerly put in a man who had not before taken a part in the conversation.

"Well, I guess we may as well be going, sir," said the peddler, rising. "Can I leave my pack in your care, landlord, till I come back?"

An affirmative answer being given, he took the child's hand and set out for the low farmhouse a half mile distant, whose western windows were all aglow with the rays of the setting sun.

As they neared it, the little girl looked eagerly around to see what her new home was like. Some ducks and geese at play in a clear brook caused her to clap her hands.

They entered a neat yard, and passed up a narrow stone walk that led around the house, the girl looking with evident satisfaction at the beds of bright flowers on either side.

An open door gave them the view of a tidy kitchen, where a couple of women were arranging a bountiful repast, and two hired men were performing their ablutions at a spout in the rear. The peddler knocked softly.

"Is Miss Wagner in?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

And the elder woman stepped to the door. She was tall, and very energetic in her movements.

"I've brought you a little girl for company, ma'am."

"Me! Brought me a little girl for company? What do you mean, sir? I've no time for joking."

"But perhaps you have time to greet your brother Fred's little orphan child."

Miss Dorothy staggered against the door post.

"Fred!" she gasped. "He is——"

"Dead! and has sent his little girl to you."

For a moment the lady seemed overwhelmed, but recovering herself, turned to the child.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Gipsy, ma'am."

"What an outlandish name! Betsey, did you ever hear the like?"

"Never!" exclaimed the maid-of-all-work, advancing with uplifted hands.

"My papa called me so, and oh, he's dead!" And breaking from the detaining hand of her friend, she dashed down into the orchard, and in a moment was ensconced in a large apple tree up among the thick branches, much to the consternation of a couple of robins, who had settled down to housekeeping close to the little girl's perch.

The mother bird, as she brooded over the four little eggs, peeped over the side of the nest apprehensively, while her mate, on a twig close by, cocked his head on one side to watch the intruder, but never a chirp or rustle of feathers betokened their presence.

"Did I ever!" exclaimed Betsey, as the trio watched the flight and the nimble spring into the tree.

"Oh, dear, she'll be the plague of my life," murmured Miss Dorothy.

"She'll be a comfort and a blessing to you, ma'am, if you've only a mind to have it so. She has a loving little heart. Only to think how she waited upon her father, soothing and tending him to the last like a woman!"

He then told the lady how he met her brother at a lowly cottage, where his strength had failed, as he was trying to make his way home to his friends; but he was in the last stages of consumption, and died in two days. He entrusted his child and a few papers to the care of the kind-hearted peddler, who now drew the latter from his pocket and handed them to the lady, who was weeping quietly.

He then went down through the orchard to the tree where the little girl was.

"Come, Gipsy, your aunt is going to love and care for you, and you must love her."

The girl, who had sobbed for a few moments violently, now sprang down with a bright face. He led her back to the house.

"Her name is Gertrude, ma'am, but her father called her Gipsy. I hope you will be a mother to her."

"I'll take good care of her," said Aunt Dorothy, as she bent down and kissed the upturned brow.

The child flushed with pleasure, and allowed the peddler to depart with a quiet good-bye. She was seated at the table, and partook of a dish of berries and bread-and-milk with a relish.

A new life now commenced for the child. For months she had had no home, but wandered with her sick father, depending upon the charity of strangers, wherever they chanced to be. Now she was made comfortable.

The two women, though shocked at her wild, untutored ways, were kind, and tried to lead her in the way she should go, and she learned to love them both, even while her perverse nature led her to set at defiance all their rules.

Aunt Dorothy declared a dozen times a day that she "was the plague of her life," but yet the house seemed strangely lonely and still when she was absent.

She taught her to sew, and would leave her demurely seated in her low chair, an industrious little maid, and returning in a few moments to find her gone and catch the flutter of her garments up in some tree, where she was talking to the birds.

She attended the village school, was bright, and easy to teach, but the prime mover in all mischief, and a general favorite with the scholars. But best of all she loved to wander over the hills, picking flowers or playing in some mountain rill.

She formed an acquaintance with some rude wood-choppers, who, with their families, dwelt in some little shanties on the mountain-side.

The men smiled when she came, and the women loved the helpful little girl who kept the babies so still and told nice stories to the bigger children.

She saved a little two-year-old boy from drowning one day, and won thereby the everlasting gratitude of the parents; and when one of the poor women fell ill, begged some nice things of her aunt to carry to her.

One dark November night she and her aunt Dorothy happened to be alone. Betsey had gone to sit up with a sick neighbor, and the hired man lived some distance away.

About midnight Gipsy, who slept in a small room next to her aunt's, was awakened by a scream. Springing from the bed, she rushed into the outer room.

Two masked men stood by the bed, one holding a lantern, while the other held a knife to the woman's throat, and a voice that Gipsy recognized said:

"Stop that screeching and tell us where that money is you took for those cows to-day, or I'll soon settle you."

"No, you won't, Pat Daly!" said the child, springing to the bed and clasping her aunt around the neck.

Both men started, and the man with the lantern said:

"It's Gipsy!"

"Yes, Dennis Carter; and don't you remember how I saved your little Mike from drowning?"

"Indade I do. And not a hair of yer head shall be harmed, the blessed darlint that ye are! But how came ye here?"

"I live here, and this is my aunt Dorothy, who gives me a home and is so kind to me. You shan't touch her unless you kill me first. She sent your wife, Pat Daly, those nice broths and jellies when she had the fever, and she's ever so good;" and Gipsy burst into tears.

The men consulted together while the child bent over Aunt Dorothy, who had fainted for the first time in her life.

"Oh, she's dead!" she screamed.

"No, she isn't; she has only fainted. She'll come to in a few minutes," said one man. "We wouldn't have come here if we'd known it was your aunt. Now, child, you must promise never to tell who we are, and you mustn't either of you tell of this night's adventure, as it would set folks to talking and make trouble, you see."

"Yes," said Gipsy. "I understand; and I won't tell, and I'll promise for Aunt Dorothy, too. Only be good, and go right away, and, oh, don't ever do so again."

"You don't hate us, Gipsy?"

"Oh no, indeed; I'm only sorry for you. Do go."

When Miss Dorothy recovered her senses she was alone with her little niece.

"Where are those horrid men?" she asked.

"They've gone, Aunt Dorothy."

"But what a brave child you are, Gipsy! But won't they come back? Call for help. Mur——"

The child's hand was on her lips.

"Don't, aunt. I've promised we won't tell anybody about this."

"Not tell! I'll have them arrested."

It took some time to prevail on the excited woman to be silent, but as she really did not know who her assailants were, and the child refused to speak, she resolved to keep quiet.

The next day, to Betsey's disgust, she had the hired man move his family into a part of the house, "for company," she said.

A week after Gipsy climbed the mountain side to find the cabins of Daly and Carter deserted, and the chill November wind sweeping through them.

She was now prime favorite with Aunt Dorothy, who seemed to forget she had ever been "the plague of her life."

Her First Sea Bath.

This is a truthful and most accurate description of how a woman acts when she first puts on a bathing suit and appears before the world in it. At first sight of it she giggles convulsively and titters out:

"Oh, I never, never can let anybody see me with that on!"

"Oh, yes you can. Put it on," cries some hardened companion who has been in before. "Everybody wears them."

"But I'll look awful!"

"Who cares? Nobody 'll know you."

Then she gets into it giggling furiously.

"Oh, I just can't go out in it."

"Yes, you must."

"But how can I?"

"Bah; nobody 'll notice you in the least."

"But I know I look perfectly dreadful."

"Well, everybody else looks so, too."

"I know, but I" (giggle), "I shall die if I see anybody I know."

"You ready?"

"Yes, I—I—guess so! Oh, I just don't believe I can go after all. Don't I look awful."

"Pooh! No! Come on!"

"I can't bear to. Tee, hee, hee, hee!"

But she does, all the same, giggling frantically until she reaches the water, when she shrieks out:

"Oh, it's cold! Ugh! Hee, hee! I'll look so awful when I'm wet! O-o-o-o-h; it's dreadfully cold!"

And when she comes out and is dressed again she bores everybody she knows by saying over and over again:

"Oh, I think it's just lovely to bathe! I'm going in every day! Isn't it fun? I just love to lie down and let the waves run over me! I ain't one bit afraid now. I was awful'y frightened at first! I don't mind my looks one bit now! I'd like to have my photograph taken in my bathing suit! It'd be jolly fun, wouldn't it? I got some water in my mouth, and isn't it salty? Oh,

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - AUGUST 17, 1888.

DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE.

The Democratic State Committee will meet in the city of Harrisburg at 2 P. M., on Tuesday, August 28, at the Bolton house, to nominate a candidate for Auditor General, and to transact such other business as may properly come before it.

BENJ. M. NEAD, Secretary. ELLIOTT P. KISNER, Chairman.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND, of N. Y.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
ALLEN G. THURMAN, of Ohio.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
H. B. McCOLLUM, of Susquehanna Co.
PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS
ELECTORS-AT-LARGE,
JON. R. MILTON SPEER, Huntingdon,
HON. JOHN M. KEATING, Allegheny,

DISTRICT ELECTORS.

Dist.		Dist.	
1	David W. Sellers	15	Alvin Day
2	Michael Magee	16	William Dent
3	A. H. Ladner	17	Russel James
4	Wm. J. Latta	18	H. H. Woodall
5	John Taylor	19	Herman Bosler
6	Franklin Walden	20	Wm. A. Garman
7	Geo. W. Fawling	21	William Maher
8	James Smith	22	John H. Bailey
9	Dan'l H. Schweyer	23	J. Huckenstein
10	W. B. Given	24	William P. Lantz
11	Charles Robinson	25	David S. Morris
12	J. H. Reynolds	26	Jas. H. Caldwell
13	Edw. J. Gaynor	27	S. T. Neill
14	Simon P. Light	28	J. L. Brown

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR ASSEMBLY,
DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, of Johnstown.
JOHN S. RHEY, of Ebensburg.
FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN J. KINNEY, of Tunnelhill.
FOR POOR DIRECTOR,
JAMES A. WHARTON, of Clearfield township.
FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,
C. A. BUCK, of Carrolltown.

AT the Treasury Department in Washington it is estimated that there has been a decrease of $3,500,000 in the public debt during July. Over $14,000,000 was paid out during the month for pensions.

IT is now generally conceded that Congress will remain in session until about the 1st of October, not because the welfare of the country demands any such protracted session, but because the Republican politicians in the Senate want to turn Congress into a great debating club on the tariff.

THE Indiana State Federations of Trades in a convention at Indianapolis unanimously resolved that "we cannot support the candidates of the Republican party for President and Vice President because both of them are wanting in sympathy for the laboring classes." It also scored Harrison for his record on the Chinese question.

THE river and harbor bill became a law on Monday, without the President's signature No memorandum is written, but the President stated that while the bill contained items to which he could not sign his approval, the great bulk of the work provided for is so important to the best interests of the country that he was unwilling to obstruct it by a veto.

CONGRESSMAN MATSON, who is the Democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana, was asked what chance Harrison had of carrying that State. He said: "I don't see how he is going to do it. Gray's majority in 1884 was 7,392 and Cleveland's 6,531. Where Harrison is to get the votes to overcome the majority, I cannot imagine. He is distasteful to the Greenback and Labor element who hold the balance of power."

COL. FRED. GRANT, gives it as his opinion that Harrison will carry New York. Col. Fred. expected to carry New York last year himself but when the votes were counted to his utter surprise he was badly left. Neither Col. Fred, nor Harrison would have been heard of as candidates but for the reputation of their ancestors and people of this country are not inclined to recognize talent so far in the background.

FOUR years ago thousands of men voted the Republican ticket, not because they loved the Republican party, but because they feared a train of evils would follow Democratic success. The dread of the Southern domination and a clean sweep of civil service regulations have passed away. The country has been prosperous and the Government honestly administered, and in November next thousands who four years ago opposed Grover Cleveland will be found voting and working for him.

THE Chicago *Tribune*, the leading Republican journal of the West, had the following to say of the Republican Presidential candidate.

Harrison unpopular at home, disliked abroad; not supported by any German newspaper or recognized by any German leader in the United States; not numbering among his close friends one man who ever served with him in the Senate of the United States: hated in California because he voted fourteen times against the restriction of Chinese immigration; opposed in his own State because he is cold and distant in his manners and identified with every public act that has ever been adopted which could wound the sensibilities of voters not numbered among his own particular clique in the Republican party; having strong support among politicians but little among the rank and file of the party; never elected to any office save that of the reporter of the Supreme Court by the popular vote, and it is not probable that he will ever be the residuary legatee of the President of the New York Central railroad.

THE issue of taxation says the New York *Star*, is the most prominent question in the Democratic campaign, but it is by no means the only issue of the convass. The question which each voter will have to determine on November 6 admits of only one alternative, a ballot for the Cleveland electors or for electors selected to vote for opposition candidates.

Every one must determine for himself the reply to the inquiry. "Shall Democratic Federal Administration be continued?"

To reach a conscientious coucluson on this broad question it is necessary that the whole course of the Administration should be taken into view. It is a general judgment on three years' exercise of executive power by the Democracy as compared with the Republican rule which the country is called upon to pronounce.

It is therefore right that Democratic managers, newspapers and orators should keep before the public the fact that, while the issue of tax reduction is a leading feature in the campaign, there are many other matters which should not be left out of account, and which the Republicans should not be allowed to crowd out of the canvass by the false and senseless cry about "free trade," when there can be no free trade, and all talk of free trade is folly. When President Cleveland issued his celebrated tax message, it was clearly the paramount duty of Congress to legislate to lighten the public burdens and emancipate industry and trade. So far as the Democratic House is concerned, that duty has been discharged. It is important that the people should understand all about Democratic progress and Republican obstruction in the warfare against the surplus, and everything that energy and intelligence can do to furnish information calculated to bring the people to the support of the right will undoubtedly be done.

But it would not be fair to the party or just to the people to fail to devote due attention to other features of the canvass upon which a verdict must be rendered as part of the record of Democratic administration. The discussion must not be confined even to the great issue. We be believe in the Democratic doctrine of tax reduction and in the popularity of that doctrine with the people; we rely upon it as a tower of strength in the canvass. But it is not by any means the only reliance. The party and the administration have other claims on public confidence, and no claim must be surrendered or neglected.

It is the record of Cleveland as President that is, first of all, in question now, just as it was his record as Governor of New York that was the chief topic of consideration and the source of Democratic strength in 1884.

With strong, positive and capable candidates like Cleveland and Thurman against weak and compromised nominees like Harrison and Morton, it is highly important to the Democratic cause that nothing that legitimately forms a part of the canvass should be omitted from it.

PROVIDENCE that once favored the g. o. p. in every way seems to have turned her back to the party of "grand moral ideas" entirely. At the Blaine demonstration in New York last week, Blaine failed to arrive until Friday, and as the patriots had been there two days and were badly demoralized and financially bursted, the managers on Thursday went through the farce of welcoming Blaine before his arrival. A big parade marching around welcoming a man, who for all they knew to the contrary, might have been in the bottom of the Atlantic, presented a very ridiculous appearance. Mr. Blaine however, after his arrival the next day, was duly informed of the royal reception he had received the day before. Everything appears to be against the g. o. p. this year and it seems to be a struggle with the managers to try and keep it alive long enough to "fry some of the fat" out of the manufacturers. That, and nothing more.

THE (Republican) editor of the Indianapolis *Journal*, the personal organ of General Harrison, says: "In order to win in Indiana, there should be an intelligent waving of the bloody shirt. A campaign on the tariff will lead to inevitable defeat." The bloody shirt has long since been worn thread bare, but it is all that the g. o. p. has left to rely upon. The question of tax reduction which was one of the planks in the Republican platform of 1884 was thrown out this year and notwithstanding the Republican Senate is now trying to patch up some reduction measure the people will be fully aware that it was only forced out of them as an off-set to the policy of President Cleveland and the Democratic party. Let the bloody shirt wave.

YELLOW FEVER has broken out at Jacksonville, Florida, and is causing general alarm to the people along the Gulf. All the people who are able to leave have fled from Jacksonville and it is feared that the fugitives may spread the disease. Every effort known to science is used to abate the disease and prevent its spreading. In Jacksonville, infected buildings are burned without any hesitation, sulphur is burned in large quantities and other fires, fed by tar and pitch pine are kept constantly burning. It is said that the yellow fever scourge never originates in the Southern cities but is brought every year from Cuba and that the miserable conditions of the people in that island invites and attracts the disease.

GEN. SHERIDAN'S remains lay in state in St. Matthew's church, Washington on Friday. They were viewed by a large number of persons. The last rites were performed on Saturday. Members of Congress, the President and his Cabinet, members of the various foreign legations and other distinguished persons were present in the church at the services. The funeral sermon was pronounced by Cardinal Gibbons. An imposing procession followed the remains to the grave, which were laid to rest in Arlington cemetery.

SINCE the arrival of Blaine, Harrison has not been heard of. He has evidently taken to the woods.

Because it Didn't Suit His Partisan Purpose.

Why did not Mr. Blaine point his large audience of industrial citizens to the steamer City of New York, that is American only in the name that is borne on her flag, and tell them why he returned in the best ship that ever floated on the sea, in which there is not a dollar's worth of American labor or material, and on which an American seaman cannot be employed and the American flag dare not be unfurled, although the vessel is wholly owned by Americans.

And why did Mr. Blaine fail to present, with the pointed object lesson of the British built, British-manned and British-flagged steamer that is American only in ownership, to tell his American workingmen who so enthusiastically heard and honored him, that when his high war tariff policy was first accepted to meet the extreme necessities of the government engaged in a gigantic war American ships carried three-fourths of our whole commerce on the seas of the world and now carry about one-eight of it? No man could tell why we have no American ships and no American commerce under American flags and no American seaman in international trade, so concisely as Mr. Blaine and why was he silent on pregnant, practical facts which stare both commerce and labor in the face, to indulge in glittering rhetoric?

And when Mr. Blaine rose to accept the grateful homage of American laborers in New York he was clad in British clothes; British woolens were in his garments; British labor had made them; British linen glistened from his shirt front, collar and cuffs; a British necktie gave grace to his toilet, and British underwear and hose added to his comfort. And why did he not point to own apparel and make it an object lesson in favor of American labor? He knows that we have matchless skill in American labor; that we have the best machinery of the world of American invention and American construction, and yet he and most of his thousands of hearers were clad in British fabrics which are taxed from 40 to 80 per cent. ostensibly to protect our labor.

Mr. Blaine must know that American laborers have free schools and free newspapers; that they read, think and act for themselves, and why did he not declare for American labor and American mills making the woolens we wear, instead of taxing consumers over 60 per cent. and giving British mills and British labor the advantage in our American markets; No man could have told in clearer or more fascinating diction why he and his hearers were largely clad in British garments while denouncing British policy and British industries, and why did he not do it? If he had simply said—"England gives free raw materials to her mills and labor, while we continue war taxes on our mills and labor and deprive them of their home markets," he would have told the whole story.

With Mr. Blaine, and probably on his magnificent British-built, British-manned and British-flagged American-owned ship, came Britons, Huns, Italians, Portugese, Poles and other free trade imported cheap labor to enter the race with legitimate American labor in our highly protected and highly taxed American mills. While the British-clad multitude was shouting buzzas of welcome to British-clad Mr. Blaine and he was eulogizing American labor that his tariff policy overtaxes and underpays, a very Babel of confused tongues might have been heard at Castle Garden, free trade imports of cheap labor to steal the labor of our mills and mines and drive the legitimate American workingmen into idleness and starvation, and why? Solely because Mr. Blaine's high war tariff taxes protect monopoly only and oppress and degrade legitimate labor.—*Phila. Times.*

Plain Democratic Duty.

A good bit of the responsibility of political defeat in every campaign lies on the shoulders of the stay-at-home voters who are actuated by indifference or over confidence. With the indifferent citizen little can be done. He might be galvanized into some semblance of a proper and becoming interest in the welfare of his country by a law suspending his citizenship for non-fulfillment of its duties and compelling him to go through the forms of naturalization to regain his vote, but it is doubtful.

The over-confident citizen is of a different kind. He either concludes that his party and principles are bound to win, whether he votes or not, or that they are certainly doomed to defeat, and so stays at home. There have been a large number of over-confident Democrats in Pennsylvania. They give up a campaign before it is fought, and when the returns come in ejaculate, "I told you so." There are indications these are all going to wake up this year and go into the fight to win. There never was a better chance for Democratic victory in the old Keystone State and Democrats should recognize the fact.

The record of the last legislature and of the present State administration are flagrant. The obedience of both to the slightest wishes of the monopolistic corporations have been fully illustrated and are well understood. In every section of the State the farmers and laborers are ready to renounce former allegiance to the Republican party if any hope of better things is given them. The shameful juggling of the general revenue bill was a crime perpetrated by the Republicans on the whole people of the State. The defeat of the pipe line bill was an outrage and an insult to the western counties. The smuggling of an honest check weighman bill was a stab at the bituminous coal miners, and the cool contempt with which the anthracite miners' petition affecting the Reading Railroad was received was in keeping with the whole history of Republican subservience to powerful corporations as opposed to the rights of their employes.

In every section of the State laborers and farmers were ignored and capitalists have been given whatever they asked. Every farmer in the State petitioned for a law to enforce the anti-discrimination clauses of the State constitution, and Chairman Cooper's Republican caucus committee offered them an emasculated version of the Cullom inter-State bill, remodeled by Frank Thomson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Even that was not passed, lest it might pave the way for an amended bill that would be operative.

It is the duty of every Democrat in this State to get registered, pay his taxes and turn out to the polls in November to cast his honest vote against such methods and in favor of proper legislation, to be followed in two years by a vote for the proper enforcement of the laws and the constitution. Honest Republicans throughout the State will join in the movement, and victory is certain. And while aiding the cause of honest government in the State the good cause of tariff reform and reduction of taxation in the Nation need not be forgotten. Now is the time to do the work of organizing.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and restored completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, 50 cents and $1.00 at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Two Misstatements by Mr. Blaine.

Mr. Blaine in his speech on Friday evening declared that the English people, though divided on all other questions, were absolutely unanimous in the opinion that "Grover Cleveland embodies in his person the exact form of revenue and free trade for the United States which England likes," and he went on to picture the English people as standing in an attitude of eager and hopeful expectancy, awaiting Democratic success as their great opportunity.

This speech was cabled to London, and the London *Daily News*, commenting on the statement quoted, remarks: "There is surely some mistake. England watches the event with the greatest unconcern. The press nearly ignores the contest." This is the exact truth, and no one knows it better than Mr. Blaine, who has just returned from England. All Americans who have access to London papers see that they devote more attention to the whereabouts of Stanley or the marriage of some continential princeling than they do to all American news; politics included. A few lines here and there in the news columns, and now and then a somewhat confused editorial reference to our affairs, are about the only evidences to be found in the English newspapers that such a country as ours exists. The *News* is delicately courteous in saying that Mr. Blaine is mistaken. A much harsher word would better fit the case.

But this was not the only misstatement made by Mr. Blaine. Before he ever reached the wharf he began talking, and in the course of a speech to his admirers on his way up the harbor he said:

And I say here, as I hope to say with much more elaboration and force hereafter—I say here that the wages of American labor cannot be reduced except with the consent and the votes of the American laborer himself.

We do not need to go to England for a refutation of this falsehood. Mr. Blaine may say it afloat and say it ashore, say it as often as he pleases and with all the elaboration that his ingenuity can invent, but every intelligent American workman will, in his heart, give the lie to the statement as soon as it is uttered. Their wages have been reduced without their consent and against their most urgent protest, and the men who reduced them were Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Ammidown, president of the Protective Tariff League, and a host of others who are now posing as the friends of American labor and contributing money to bring about ovations to James G. Blaine.—*N. Y. Star.*

Don't Juggle With Wool.

The Republicans of the Senate should meet the question of fully protecting wool or making it free. We are now oppressively taking the people, all of whom consume woolen goods, ostensibly to protect wool-growers, and it is either too high or too low to benefit either the wool-producers, the woolen workingmen or the consumers.

If the wool is to be protected at all it should be fully protected against foreign wool-growers. If it is not to be fully protected against foreign wool-growers, it should be made free in the interest of our woolen industries. The present high tariff tax of over forty per cent. on wool does not and cannot protect wool-growers in Ohio, Vermont and Michigan. It simply overtaxes consumers without giving wool-growers protection, and without giving our home markets to home woolen mills and labor.

Let the Senate meet this question honestly. If it proposes to protect wool as its party leaders profess, let them manfully restore the high tariff tax of 1867 upon wool. That would protect wool; anything less would not protect it, and any tax upon wool that is short of fully protecting wool-growers, is an inexcusable tax upon consumers.

The plain truth is that the Republican Senate dare not protect wool-growers against foreign competition for two reasons. First, there is no labor in wool-growing to protect; and, second, the people would not submit to the large increase of the present over sixty per cent. duty on woolens to protect a so-called industry in which there is little or no actual industry at all.

Let the Republicans of the Senate be honest on the wool question. If they mean to protect wool against foreign competition, they must largely increase the present tariff tax of over forty per cent. on wool and the present tariff tax of over sixty per cent. on woolens; and if they dare not do that, let them do what they know they must do sooner or later, and soon at the latest—make wool free. Don't juggle with wool!—*Phila. Times.*

Yes and No.

THE Warren (PA.) *Ledger* expresses the issue of the hour very plainly and pointedly thus:

The farmer produces hay, corn, wheat, potatoes, barley, buckwheat, etc?
Yes.
He produces it first for his own use?
Yes.
The balance (in case of a good crop) he sells at the market price?
Yes.
Well, Liverpool and London market prices are the same as Chicago and New York.
Yes.
Then the surplus production of the farmer is shipped to England and sold at their prices?
Yes.
Then the farmers of this country sell in competition with the cheapest labor of Europe and in the cheapest market in the world?
Yes.
Suppose he sells $100 worth of wheat in the cheapest market in the world and then goes to a clothier's to purchase $100 worth of clothing for himself and boys (guaranteed imported and all wool), does he buy at the market prices of London and Liverpool?
No.
He pays a tax, or royalty, of $63 to the Government on every $100 worth of such goods purchased?
Yes.
Then he sells in competition with the cheapest labor and in the cheapest market in the world, and buys his plows, tinware, clothing, sugar, rice, lumber, nails, barness, coffin and tombstone in the most expensive market in the world?
Yes.
Is it any wonder that one-half of the farms in the United States are owned by the money-lenders and nearly all the other half mortgaged beyond redemption?

Worth Knowing.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe Cold, attended with a distressing Cough and running into Consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it. Trial bottle free at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

IF only a small portion of the energy now devoted to the saving of condemned murderers from the gallows were applied to the reformation of erring youth who are moving toward the gibbet, the morals of the world might be improved to a marked extent.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Four men at Gainsville, Fla., in 20 days killed 600 alligators for their hides and teeth.

—A Butte (Cal.) man who began farming on rented land ten years ago has this year $61,000 worth of wheat to sell.

—The Supreme Court of Wyoming Territory, has just decided that woman suffrage in the Territory is unconstitutional.

—S. M. Rackett, a wealthy farmer, living 10 miles from Carlisle, Pa., Wednesday, was swindled out of $2,000 by bunco sharpers.

—Two hundred persons are supposed to have been drowned at Valparaiso, Chili, by the bursting of a brewery reservoir, which flooded one of the principal streets of the city.

—A severe rain and hail storm prevailed in Kansas last Sunday, destroying bridges causing washouts on railroads and delaying railway traffic generally in various parts of the State.

—Thirty-five cases of typhoid fever exist at Waynesburg, and new ones are reported daily. The citizens blame it on the new water works, there being no drains to carry off the waste.

—George Sharpnack, who stabbed John Patterson at a picnic at Rice's Landing, Saturday, has been arrested and landed in the Waynesburg jail. Patterson, it is thought, cannot recover.

—A novel strike occured at the St. John's Episcopal Church, Washington, last week. The choir boys asked for an advance in wages, and refused to sing if it was not conceded. They got the raise.

—A hailstorm at Connersville, Ind., on Wednesday, broke 38 window panes in J. H. Jewell's house and furnished hailstones sufficient with which to make ice cream for a party in progress at the time.

—There has been a lockout at the Lehigh coal mines, Webster county, Iowa, since May 1, and trouble is anticipated through one of the companies putting imported miners to work in the pits.

—Amandus and Wilson Heller, brothers aged 18 and 20 years, respectively, while bathing in the Susquehanna river, near Bloomsburg, on Monday evening, got beyond their depth and were drowned.

—The revolver which Jessie James carried during the greater part of his career is exposed for sale in the window of a Chicago pawnship. It is a heavy navy weapon, carrying a bullet nearly as large as a musket ball.

—A California man is hatching chickens by immersing pails of eggs in spring water, the temperature of which is uniformly 102 degrees. It seems our breakfest eggs are overdone or we might have chickens every morning.

—A. Henry, an employe of the Lebanon Manufacturing company, was engaged in oiling the machinery when his clothing caught. When rescued not a vestige of clothing remained on his body, but he was only slightly hurt.

—Arpad Harszthy, the great Hungarian-California wine-grower, is reported to have said that pure California wine can be laid down in New York as cheap as beer. He and others estimate the California wine crop of this year at 30,000,000 gallons.

—John Callihan, a farmer, aged thirty, was found dead in Mill Creek, four miles north of Wilkesbarre, on Saturday. His arms were pinioned behind him with a rope made from a woman's skirt and his neck was broken. The case is shrouded in mystery.

—George Frederick was walking on the track of the West Penn railroad at Bennett, Monday evening, when he was struck by the Springdale Accommodation north, and instantly killed. He was 38 years old, lived at Bennett, and leaves a wife and three children.

—A thief in Vermont stole a couple of hens from a farmer and dropped a gold watch while stealing them. The farmer wishes us to state that the latch string of the hen house still hangs out and he will be pleased to receive similar calls and no questions asked.

—The funeral of Gen. Endes, the ex-Communist, who dropped dead in Paris while addressing a body of strikers on Sunday, took place Wednesday. Fifteen thousand Communists marched in front of the hearse, wearing the red, and there were several conflicts with the police.

—A destructive storm visited the vicinity of Reading on Monday. At Hamburg, the Washington House was struck by lightning, and two guests, Miss Lizzie Bear and M. H. Shollenbergs, rendered unconscious for several hours. Several barns were burned, the loss being about $30,000.

—The formation of an immense Lumber Trust is, notwithstanding denials, asserts a prominent lower river lumberman, a positive fact. He says he knows that options on 3,000,000,000 to 4,000,000,000 feet of standing timber have been secured on the Upper Mississippi by the syndicate.

—An English waiter declares that the custom of pairing off guests at dinner arose in the middle ages, when there was only a single plate and drinking cup for each couple, and that while the man cut up the meat the woman put the pieces in his mouth, and they both drank from the same cup.

—During a fit of coughing, Tuesday, William Lippincott, of Lakeville, O., spat up a bullet that had lodged in his head during the battle of Flint Hill, Va., under General Sheridan. The bullet had given him great trouble for years, many persons predicting his death. Lippincott says he feels greatly relieved.

—Viscount Hinton, the eldest son of the Earl of Poulett, who married a ballet girl against his fathers wishes, has turned up in the streets of London as an organ-grinder, with an inscription tacked on the front of his musical instrument stating, "I am Viscount Hinton, eldest son of Earl Poulett, vide Burke's peerage."

—An eloping Russian couple, the man leaving a wife and six children in destitute circumstances, and the woman a good-looking girl of 18 years, were arrested on arrival at New York on Monday. The girls father sent a cablegram asking that the Russian Consul detain her until his arrival, and he is expected in a day or so.

—A few weeks ago the corner-stone of the Presbyterian church at Pulaski, Pa., was laid. Among the articles deposited in it was the speech of William L. Scott on the Mills bill. Yesterday a letter was received from Mr. Scott acknowledging the compliment and stating that on his return home he would forward a contribution to the church.

—Rowland Morgan, employed as water bailer in the Bellevue slope, near Scranton, Pa., not coming out of the mine at the usual hour on Monday morning, was searched for and found dead, his body lying in the pool of water where he was at work, his head submerged. It is thought he fell in the pool in an epileptic fit, to which he was subject.

—A system of wholesale letter box robbery extending over a period of two years and involving the theft of thousands of letters, including enclosures of drafts, checks and postoffice orders, the aggregate amount to exceed one hundred thousand dollars has been discovered and two men, Irndk Von Oberkampf and Thos. Mack, are in jail in default of $5,000 bail in Chicago. The discovery came about through Oberkampf realizing on a check the endorsement on which he had forged. A key was found in his possession which would open any letter box in Chicago.

—The famous cattle trail between Texas and the North will soon be wiped out. It was 600 miles long and one mile wide, and when the original survey of Colorado was made this strip was left for the use of the cattle men. The railroads have now rendered it useless.

—John L. Emery, one of the oldest blacksmiths in Lawrence county, and a leading horseman, died suddenly on Monday, at New Castle. He went into a barber shop and the barber had already begun to shave him, when he threw up both hands, gasped and expired. He was talking merrily when death came. He leaves a wife and family of grown-up children.

—Bob Conner, a well-known gambler of New York, who died one day last week, leaving about $200,000 in funds and personal property and was supposed to have no relatives, has been claimed by his brother, John W., of Augusta, Ga., who has not seen Robert since the former enlisted in Company C, One Hundred and Ninety-sixth Illinois Infantry during the war.

—The proprietors of the *Herald* of Quincy, Ill., were surprised last Tuesday morning at finding one of their printers hanging from one heel from the lower porch of the building. The typo was James Purvies, 19 years old, and it is supposed that he accidentally fell from a veranda which runs along the third story, and that he was caught in the fall where he hung until life was extinct.

—The food of the Sultan of Turkey is cooked by one man and his aids. It is prepared in silver vessels, and each vessel is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp after the meal is cooked. These seals are broken in the presence of the Sultan by the High Chamberlain, who takes a spoonful of each dish before the Sultan tastes it. The annual expenses of the Sultan's household is over $41,000,000.

—The Mallory, Line steamer State of Texas, which arrived in New York from Fernandina, has on board three marine monsters, called manatus, or sea cows. The animals were captured in the Indian river, on the east coast of Florida, about six weeks ago, and weigh from 600 to 800 pounds each. They are confined in large tanks on the steamer's deck, and will, when landed, be placed on exhibition.

—The Convent of the Sacred Heart on One Hundred and Thirty-second street, N. Y., was consumed by fire on Monday night. It was an immense building and has been known as a place of excellence in the education of children. There were 195 persons, including many children, in the convent at the time of the fire all of whom escaped uninjured. The loss is about $300,000. Insurance $200,000.

—Captain Jack Williams, the noted "Maltese" swimmer, floated down the Mississippi river to St. Louis, Mo., from Alton, Ill., twenty-five miles up the river, with his legs tied together and his hands tied behind his back. He started at 11 A. M. and arrived at 7 in the evening, a large number of people being on the bridge to receive him. He floated all the way on his back and was accompanied by a few friends in a small boat.

—About two weeks ago Henry Goetz gave James K. Mosser, of Hanover, a large farm dog which was immediately shipped by rail from Phillipsburg, N. J., to Williamsport, 140 miles away. On Wednesday the dog walked into his former master's house in a starved and worn-out condition. It was learned that he had left Williamsport a week ago and had walked the entire distance. How he found his way back is the wonder of the story.

—It will take 5,760 books of gold leaf to gild the dome of the Boston State House. Each book contains 20 sheets of gold leaf, each sheet containing a little over 9¼ square inches. The sheets are so thin that 1,000 of them laid one on the other make but an inch in thickness. The gold is within a carat of pure and weighs 3½ pounds Troy. Each book is worth 70 cents, so that the gold leaf alone costs $4,032. It will take 15 skilled workmen six weeks to do the job.

—Sheriff D. T. Michaels went to Decatur, Ill., Monday and arrested Frank Green and his step-mother, who had eloped from Taylorsville, Ill., took them back, and lodged them in jail. They were not arrested for eloping, but under a warrant sworn out by Green's father for larceny, having packed up the old gentleman's household effects and fled. They were found at the Washington House, and were registered as Mr. and Mrs. Sikes. The elopers are each about thirty years old.

—An Englishmen named Greenwood made a bet that he would stay under water longer than anybody in Hereford, without being drowned. He swam out into the river and disappeared, while his friends on the bank held their watches to time him. When he had beaten the record they became alarmed, went after him and dragged out his lifeless body. He had won the wager in one sense, for the doctors decided that he had not been actually drowned, but that death had resulted from the sudden immersion after a heavy meal.

—The body of George Campbell, aged 24 years, was found at the bottom of a well on the farm of Charles Chiddister, in Connis township, near Battle Creek, Michigan, on Tuesday morning, by a party of neighbors, who dug out the well. Campbell disappeared in August of last year and was reported to have gone West. Frank House, who then worked for Mr. Chiddister, claimed he had bought a team and other effects from Campbell. The neighbors, who had suspected something was wrong, dug up the well, with the result stated. An inquest will be held.

—The story of how General Andrew Jackson got the name of Old Hickory is again going the rounds. During the Creek war he had a bad cold, and his soldiers made for him a shelter of hickory bark. The next morning a tipsy soldier, not knowing who was under the bark, kicked it over. As the General, speechless with rage, struggled out of the ruins, the soldier yelled, "Hello, Old Hickory! Come out of your bark and take a drink!" When the soldiers saw Jackson shaking the bark from his uniform they gave three cheers for "Old Hickory," and the name stuck.

—Lettie, the 8-year-old daughter of H. N. Walker, living near Herting, Nebraska, was shot Saturday night by her father, who mistook her for a burglar. The girl had gone out of the house while her parents were asleep, and on returning the opening of the door, which was swollen by rain, awoke her father, who had recently been bothered by tramps. Seeing a figure in the darkness at the doorway, he asked who was there and, receiving no reply, fired, the ball striking the girl in the left breast and lodging under the shoulder blade. The ball has been extracted and the chances for her recovery are good.

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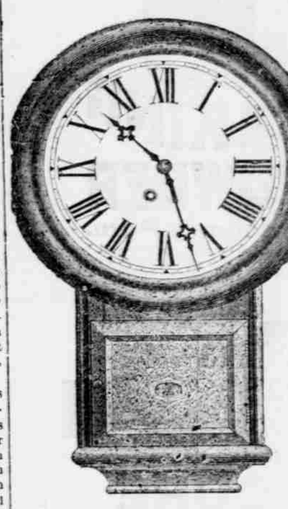

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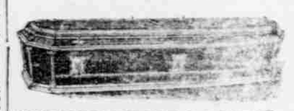

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...DAY, -- AUGUST 17, 1888.

...OCAL AND PERSONAL.

...Trial tab."

...lasting cars are in the market.

...huckleberries are plenty, and selling at ... per bucket.

...Emanuel Blough, of Johnstown, ...Sunday in this place.

...P. R. R. paid out $250,000 for July ...to its employes at Altoona.

...Mr. Walter Thompson has accepted a ...as clerk at Belmont Cottage.

...Messrs. George Barnes and Fred. Tate, ...Ebensburg, spent Sunday in town.

...Mr. Henry O'Neil, of Pittsburgh, is visit... ...his home in this place this week.

...Mr. Frank Roberts, of Johnstown, spent ...day in town visiting his many friends.

...Mr. James P. Baker, editor of the ...Free Record, was in town on Tues...

...Mr. John McBreen, clerk at the Mounts... ...House, is afflicted with a large boil on ...neck.

...Two children of Mr. Charles Murray, ...East Ward, this place, are afflicted ...with scarlet fever.

...The annual State Convention of County ...Commissioners will be held in Erie, begin... ...September 11th.

...Mrs. Ella Plank and her three children, ...left their departure on Tuesday for their ...home in Christiana, Pa.

...Mr. John Ashe, of Homestead, form... ...teacher in the public schools of this ...place, spent Sunday in town.

...Mr. H. A. McPike, senior editor of the ...Cambria Times, spent Sunday in this place ...visiting relatives and frends.

...Mr. H. Thompson, of Philadelphia, ...is shaking hands with friends and ac... ...quaintances in this place this week.

...Mr. John Davis has commenced work ...on the cellar and foundation of Mrs. R. E. ...Davis' new building on High street.

...John Snodder was drowned in the Con... ...river near Wilmore, on Wednesday ...of last week, while playing on a raft.

...Mr. and Mrs. David Huribut, of Em... ...poria, Kan., are the guests of Dr. T. ...J. Richards and wife, of this place.

...Six inmates of the Lock Haven jail es... ...caped last Saturday night. Three were re... ...captured; the others are still at liberty.

...On the 23d of August a special excur... ...will go to Niagara Falls, over the Bell's ...Gap R. R. The fare for the round trip will ...be $8.

...Mr. Louis Shannon, of Allegheny City, ...son of Judge Shannon, who formerly resided ...in this place, was a guest at Belmont on ...Sunday.

...During August is the best time to cut ...Canada thistles. If the tops are kept cut ...close to the ground they will finally die at ...the root.

...Mrs. Dr. Bell, of Altoona, and Misses ...Annie and Lulu Yoder, of Pittsburgh, are ...guests of Judge Johnston and family ...this place.

...Wanted at McDonald's store, Loretto, ...1,000 pounds good, clean dry wool for ...which the highest price will be paid. Cash ...if desired.

...Mr. Max Stehle, a saloon keeper at Gal... ...died on Wednesday of last week ...of consumption, aged twenty-eight years. He leaves ...a wife and family.

...Mr. George Huntley, Jr., of this place, ...who was employed at Cresson, was taken ...with typhoid fever and was brought home ...on Thursday last.

...Miss Mary Lewis, of Lebanan, Pa. ...daughter of Captain Andrew Lewis, deceas... ...of this place, is visiting friends during ...present week.

...Mr. J. M. Fenlon, of Philadelphia, ...a son of Hon. John Fenlon, of this ...place, arrived in town on Sunday last on a ...visit to the paternal roof.

...Mr. J. C. Stineman, of South Fork, the ...Republican candidate for sheriff, was in ...town on Wednesday moving around among ...friends and acquaintances.

...The August term of Westmoreland ...county court will continue but two weeks, ...commencing on the 27th inst., and will be ...confined to the consideration of criminal ...cases.

...Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. ...Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease ...sure, no operation or delay from busi... ...attested by thousands of cures after ...others fail.

...The schools of Wilmore borough have ...been awarded to the following parties: ...Adolph Belter, school No. 1, salary, $40 ...per month; Miss Elsie Kern, school No. 2, ...salary, $30 per month.

...Mrs. Florence Cooke, of Forest, Ohio, ...and Sophia Reineke, of Allegheny City, and ...Minnie Linton, of Johnstown, are the ...guests of Mrs. E. G. Kerr and her daughter, ...Miss Caddie, in this place.

...Alex. Fresh, a well but not favorably ...known citizen of Summerhill, is reported to ...have died a short time ago in the mountains ...between Bedford and Cambria, but the re... ...port is not generally credited.

...LOST.—On the Loretto road near ...Ebensburg, a sun umbrella with a silver ...handle on which "S. M. L." is engraved. ...A reward will be given the finder if returned ...to Dr. Lancaster, at Maple Park Springs.

...Robert Brawley, of Hollidaysburg, an ...employe in the Gaysport machine shop, had ...the first joint of the thumb of his left hand ...ground off while working at a grind stone ...in that establishment Tuesday of last week.

...Mrs. C. C. Foster, formerly proprie... ...tress of the Fisher House, this place, will re... ...move to Chicago, to-day (Thursday), near ...which city she has purchased property and ...will locate permanently.—*Greensburg Demo...*

...Any person desiring to purchase a fine ...farm in a good locality, will do well to read ...the advertisement of Mr. John Hogue, in ...another column. The farm is in a high ...state of cultivation and will be sold on fair ...terms.

...Mrs. Lucinda Maguire, of Philadelphia, ...widow of the late Thomas A. Maguire, Esq., ...of Washington, D. C., accompanied by her ...daughter, Mrs. Jennie Davis, of Philadel... ...phia, are visiting relatives and friends in ...this county.

...Anton Diebendorfer, of Allenville, Mif... ...flin county, is in possession of a gun the ...ownership of which can be traced back for ...years. At that time there was as much ...as $40 offered for it as would now readily sell ...for $100.00.

...Every Democratic voter should see to it ...that he is properly registered, in order to in... ...sure him a vote next fall, before September ...30, and have his taxes paid not later than ...October 9th. Committeemen might do well ...to look after this.

...A grand harvest home pic-nic will be ...held at Loretto on Saturday, August 18th, ...in the beautiful grove belonging to the ...Franciscan Brothers. A first class orchestra ...has been engaged and a large dancing plat... ...form erected. Dinner and supper will be ...served on the grounds and the committee ...will spare no pains to make it pleasant and ...agreeable for those in attendance. A gen... ...eral invitation is extended to everybody to ...attend.

—Mr. James Gromiller, of Hollidaysburg, who several years ago was a compositor on the FREEMAN, along with three other gentlemen from the same place drove overland to this place on Sunday last and returned home the same evening.

—A Hungarian boarding-house at Rock Hill, Huntingdon county, was entered by burglars last Friday night, who ransacked the trunks of all the boarders and secured $1,400. Five men who formerly boarded at the house are suspected.

—About 10 o'clock Monday night, Johnson, son of Dr. Patterson, dropped dead of heart disease, at his house in Stoyestown, Somerset county. He was out of the house a few minutes before his death, and was apparently as well as ever.

—An unknown man, aged about 24 years, was found dead on a car of a freight train near Sang Hollow. He had been stealing a ride on a car loaded with logs. From some cause one of the logs had rolled over and crushed the life out of him.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—The National Guard of Pennsylvania now in Camp at Conneaut Lake, numbers nearly three thousand men, composing six infantry regiments, one cavalry company and a battery. The camp has been named E. O. C. Ord, in honor of a gallant soldier of the rebellion.

—The remains of Mr. P. G. Reilley, who died in this place on Thursday afternoon of last week, were taken to Ridgeway, Elk county, where they were laid to rest on Saturday last. His mother died at Ridgeway on the same day, and mother and son were buried in the same grave.

—Alfred Ashton, Esq., of Johnstown, drove to this place from Johnstown on Thursday of last week and on his return the horse that he was driving died. The owner of the horse has had Mr. Ashton arrested for cruelty to animals alleging that the death of the horse was caused by overdriving.

—Five hundred physicians in session at Paris have just determined that consumption is to a great extent produced by eating rare beef and drinking milk. They agree almost unanimously on this and suggest that beef be thoroughly cooked before eaten, and that all milk should be boiled before drank.

—Boatmen on the old canal will hold their annual reunion at Saltsburg, Thursday, September 13. At a recent meeting of the citizens of that place, committees were appointed to make all necessary arrangements to give the jolly old boys of the "racing canawl" a pleasant and hospitable reception.

—Monday morning John Knox, of Indiana county, was crossing the Blairsville bridge when a freight train aproached, which so frightened him that he fell to the depths below. He was picked up, taken to Blairsville Intersection, and thence to the West Penn hospital, Pittsburgh. His injuries are serious.

—Fred. Jackel, of Hollidaysburg, has just completed the organization of a new coal company to operate mines near Shirley station on the Cresson & Coalport railroad. The company is composed of Pittsburgh parties, and they expect to commense shipping from an eight hundred acre property in about three weeks.

—Thursday night the night watchman at the Gallitzin tunnel discovered the body of a woman lying in the tunnel with her head smashed into a jelly. The woman had been seen at Bennington, a short distance east of the tunnel, during the day and she must have entered the tunnel while the watchman was at the west end.

—On Thursday of last week Miss Bessie Shannon, of Sewickley, Pa., was married to Benito Caliste Aliaga, of Paris, France. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan, at the Pro-Cathedral, Allegheny City. Miss Shannon is a daughter of Hon. P. C. Shannon, and formerly resided in this place.

—On Thursday evening of last week John McElfresh, a brakeman, while attempting to couple a caboose to an engine, at Greensburg, had his foot caught in a frog, and before he could extricate it the engine backed on him, and ran over his arm and leg, causing death a few minutes later. He was aged 30 years and married.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad company is experimenting with an automatic danger signal which is designed to supercede the block signal in use at present on the road. The new system is operated by electricity. The Block system, which is 500 miles long, costs $600,000 a year to maintain, while the new signal can be operated for $160,000 a near.

—A queer story, or rather study, of border-life appears in *The Catholic World* for September, entitled "Mrs. Simpson's Instincts." It is written by Mr. Harold Dijon with much power of delination ch aracter and graphic word-painting. The serial 'John Van Alstyne's Fatory," is drawing to close, and is undoubtedly a novel of great merit.

—Mr. W. W. Ivory, of St. Joseph, Mo., a long-ago-resident of Summit and Loretto, is stopping at Belmont. Mr. Ivory was a Lieutenant in the Company from the Summit during the Mexican war and during the late war served five years as a Captain in the 1st Nebraska Cavalry. He is now engaged in business as a financial agent, at St. Joseph.

—The Johnstown *Democrat* will commence the issue of a daily next week. A daily Democratic paper in Johnstown has long been needed and we hope the enterprise of Mr. Woodruff may prove successful and that the daily may live long a nd prove a financial blessing to the enterprising pub. lisher. Subscription one year $5.00; six months $2.50.

—Since Thursday of last week eight cows have died at Renova, and the people there do not know whether the cows have been poisoned or whether there is some epidemic among the bovines that is causing the death of so many of them. The Renova *News* says that it is generally believed that the animals are the victims of some heartless person who administered poison.

—Somerset county comes forward with a curiosity freak of nature which the owner is holding for bids from show managers. Mr. John Stuffi, who lives above Jenner X Roads, is owner of the freak, which is a colt now three months old, the right front foot of which is in every respect like that of a cow. People from all around the neighborhood visit Mr. Stuffi's to see the colt.

—Mr. B. E. Cartright, of Brookwayville, Jefferson county, finishes up the bark peeling season with 25,000 cords of hemlock bark. This is believed to be the largest crop of bark ever peeled by a single lumberman in Pennsylvania in one season if not in the United States. The logs thus peeled when sawed are expected to measure from 30,000,000 to 35,000,000 feet of lumber.

—An exchange says that it was a sensible young lady who made the request that after her decease she should not be buried by the side of a silvery stream, where the babbling of gay and giddy lovers might jar on her ears; or in the cemetery where visitors conning over epitaphs would arouse her from her day dreams, but that she might be laid away under the counter of some merchant who does not advertise. There she should be free from the buoyant foot-fall of youth, or the tottering steps of the aged, for people never go where they are not invited.

"No action has been taken by those interested looking to a commencement of the work of construction of the South Penn road," said Ralph Bagsley, one of the stockholders, when asked if there was any prospect of the railroad being begun in the near future. "In fact, there is nothing new concerning the road at all. As for the building of the line, I don't know when it will begin. Those interested in the affairs of the road do not want any news to get into the papers concerning it. I don't know why, but they probably have reasons of their own."

—As Joseph Richards, a boy of fourteen years, was driving a mule in Murray shaft, in Wilkesbarre, the train of five loaded cars ran away and came down the plane. The cars struck the boy with terrific force and drove him against the mule. So tremendous was the blow that the boy's head was driven entirely into the mule's abdomen. His shoulder was broken and he was otherwise injured. When the horrified miners discovered the boy's terrible condition they endeavored to extract him, and the found united strength of two men necessary. The boy's head penetrated the stomach of the mule. The boy was taken home for dead, but revived somewhat, though his skull is fractured and he will probably die. The mule died almost immediately after the accident.

The Grangers' Picnic at Williams' Grove—Reduced Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The great interstate picnic of the Patrons of Husbandry at Williams' Grove, Cumberland county, will be conducted this year on a larger scale than ever. Over two hundred thousand practical farmers, representing thirty states, are expected to be present and many of the most noted agriculturists of the Union will address the meetings. The display of farming and domestic machinery and implements, agricultural and horticultural products, fine stock and poultry, will be superior to any similar exhibition ever held in this section of the country. The grounds are newly fitted up and provided with all necessary accommodations for the hosts of visitors. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday are distinguished as big days, and on Tuesday the grounds are to be favored with the presence of the President of the United States. The picnic will open Monday, August 27th, and continue for six days. For the benefit of visitors the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, on August 27th 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st, sell excursion tickets at a single fare for the round trip, good to return until September 3d, from the principal stations in the following territory: On the Pennsylvania Railroad Division from stations between Bryn Mawr and Braddock, both inclusive; on the Northern Central Railway from stations between Lutherville and Troy, both inclusive; on the Philadelphia and Erie Division from stations between Sunbury and Lock Haven, both inclusive, and from all principal stations on Frederick Division. Special trains, of which later announcement will be given will be run as occasion requires.

After a Hospital for Hastings.

The Commission appointed by the Governor, according to the Act of Assembly, to locate and construct three hospitals for miners in the bituminous coal regions, met in the Monogahela House, Pittsburg, on Thursday of last week. The Board is J. J. Speerman, Sharon; Col. J. M. Reid, Connellsville; David Cameron, Tioga; J. P. Coburn, Aaronsburg; S. H. French, Pittsburgh; D. Tate, Bedford. All members were present, Mr. Tate acting as Secretary.

It was decided to select sites in the 3d, 5th, and 7th districts, there being eight districts to provide for. The 3d district includes Crawford, Lawrence, Butler, Mercer, Forest, Erie, and Clarion counties. The 5th district is the Connellsville region, and the 6th is composed of Centre, Blair, Huntingdon, Cambria, Bedford and Clearfield counties

General Hastings appeared before the board and urged the claims of Hastings in Elder township, as a first-class site for the hospital, but as yet, the board has not acted on his suggestion. We don't want to interfere with our neighboring town of Hastings but if it cannot be got there what is wrong with Ebensburg?

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Aug. 15, 1888:

Charles Dott and Elizabeth Widdersheim, Johnstown.

Stephen Forgies and Susan Munich, Cambria.

John J. Brown and Eliza Pendry, Johnstown.

Hunter J. Geyer, Blacklick township and Annie M. Davis, Cambria township.

Thomas Cully and Maggie Slattery, Washington township.

Robert Fulton, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Mary B. Holland, Johnstown.

William H. Custer and Ruth A. Smith, Jackson township.

William M. Reed and Nannie L. Jones, Johnstown.

Daniel Lister, Conemaugh and Sue N. Smith, Alexandria, Pa.

Ashburry Grove, Jackson township and Lephemia Custer, Upper Yoder township.

Died.

NEDEMYER.—Died at her home in Chest township on Sunday, August 12th, 1888, Mrs. Alice, wife of John Nedemyer, aged about 30 years.

The death of Mrs. Nedemyer is peculiarly sad from the fact that besides leaving a husband to mourn the loss of a faithful and loving wife, she leaves nine young children, the eldest of whom is only fourteen years of age, who are thus early left without a mother's care and love. May her soul rest in peace.

KIRSCH—Died at his residence in Barr township on Sunday, August 12th, 1888, Mr. John Kirsch, aged 59 years.

The deceased was born in France in 1829. When he was two years of age his parents left France and sailed to free America. They settled on the premises now owned by Joseph Kirsch, situated about two miles northeast of Nicktown where he and the other members of the family were raised. When he had grown to manhood he married Francisca Strittmatter, a sister of the well known Strittmatters of Carrolltown, with whom he lived on said premises for eleven years, after which time he bought the property situated about a mile south of Nicktown, to which he removed and resided up to his death. The property consisted of all woodland on which he cleared about eighty acres, and at present had it in an excellent state of cultivation with the addition of fine buildings and orchard.

He is the father of nine children, six boys and three girls, seven of them are yet living, two died in their infancy, Aloysius and Francis. The living are John P., a resident of Blacklick township, Catharine, wife of Theadore Nealen, residing in Barr township, Elenora, now Sister M. Agnes, who is in the Convent at Virginia City, Nev., Mary F., now Sister M. Demetria, in the Convent at Easton, Pa., Agustine P., residing in Barr township, Andrew S. and Anselm B., who are yet at home. He has eighteen grand children, fourteen living and four dead. He was a respectable citizen and a good and kind neighbor and it is with regret that we cronicle his death.

His funeral took place at Nicktown, on Aug. 14th, at 9 o'clock A. M. May his soul rest in peace.

Hay Fever.

I have suffered greatly from periodical returns of hay fever. Covert & Cheever, Druggists, suggested Ely's Cream Balm. I can cheerfully testify as to the immediate and continued relief obtained by its use. I heartily recommend it to those suffering from this or kindred complaints. —(Rev.) H. A. Smith, Clinton, Wis.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Sholoh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. J ames and W. W. McAteer. Loretto.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Soldby Dr. T. J. Davison.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber residing in Carroll township, Cambria county will sell at private sale the farm on which he resides four miles east of Carrolltown on the road leading from Carrolltown to Loretto, containing 140 acres, about 100 acres of which are cleared, having thereon a two-story plank L house and frame barn. A fine orchard is on the premises and the farm is in a good state of cultivation and is well watered. For terms apply to the subscriber on the premises.

JOHN HOGUE.

Orphans' Court Sale

:—OF—:

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pa., to me directed, I will expose to sale at public vendue or outcry on the premises in Allegheny township, on

SATURDAY, AUG. 25, 1888.

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following described real estate, viz:

A piece or lot of ground situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded on the north by the township road leading from Loretto to Ebensburg, on the east by a 16-foot alley, on the south by a 16-foot alley and on the west by lot No. 6, fronting 83 feet on said township road, and extending back as described 178½ feet, and having a two-storied frame house, a frame stable and the necessary outbuildings thereon erected. This property is situated just outside the northern limits of the borough of Loretto.

By virtue of the same order of Court I will also expose to sale at public vendue or outcry at Gallitzin, on the premises hereinafter described, on said date, August 25th, 1888, at five o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, viz:

A lot of ground situate in the village of Marysville, in Gallitzin borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting 50 feet on Forest street and extending back 150 feet to an alley, adjoining lot of S. B. Corn on the east, and lot of Wm. Eckenrode on the west, (the coal and minerals being reserved), having thereon erected a two-storied frame house, a frame stable and outbuildings.

☞TERMS OF SALE: Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid when the properties are sold, the balance of one-third at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal payments in six and twelve months thereafter. Deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOSEPH HOGUE,
Adm'r of Sophia Sill, dec'd.

Loretto, Aug. 3, 1888.-3t.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of *Fieri Facias* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to me directed, there will be exposed to sale by public vendue outcry, at the Court House in Ebensburg on

Monday, Sept. 3rd, 1888,

AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M

the following property to wit:

All the right, title and interest of John Martin and Elisa Martin in a certain piece or parcel of land situate in Dean township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining land of Dennis Cauley, Patrick Finnerty, David Brown and others, containing 53 acres, about 25 acres of which are cleared, and having thereon erected a two-story frame house and frame barn now in the occupancy of John Martin and Elisa Martin, taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. S. Calvert and Bro.

☞TERMS OF SALE: One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down and the remaining two-thirds on the confirmation of the deed.

JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, Aug. 10, 1888.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Thomas Bradley, vs. Matilda Bradley. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county. No. 4, Dec. Term, 1887. Alias Subpœna in Divorce.

COUNTY OF CAMBRIA, SS.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to MATILDA BRADLEY, GREETING:

WE command you as heretofore commanded that all manner of business and excuses being set aside you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Ebensburg, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the first Monday of September next, to show cause, if any you have, why your husband Thomas Bradley, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which he hath contracted with you the said Matilda Bradley, agreeable to Petition and Libel exhibited against you before our said Court; and this you shall in no wise omit at your peril.

WITNESS the Honorable Robert L. Johnston, President Judge of our said Court, this 4th day of June, A. D. 1888.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

Attest: JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, July 27, 1888.-6t.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS THE HON. ROBERT L. JOHNSTON, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, of the 47th Judicial District consisting of the County of Cambria, has issued his precept bearing date the 15th day of June, 1888, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, and Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in Ebensburg, for the County of Cambria and to commence on the First Monday of September, 1888, and continue two weeks.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Coroner, Justices of Peace, Aldermen, and Constables of said county of Cambria, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 1 o'clock in the forenoon of said day with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done and those who are bound in recognizances and their own remembrances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Cambria county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

GIVEN under my hand at Ebensburg, the 6th day of August, in the year of our Lord, 1888, and the One Hundred and Twelfth Year of the Independence of the United States.

JOS. A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, Aug., 10, 1888.

R. L. JOHNSTON, E. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.

ESTABLISHED 1872. Johnston, Buck & Co. BANKERS. Ebensburg, Penn'a. A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888. Carrolltown Bank, Carrolltown, Pa. T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of a general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and certificates issued to time deposits, to whom interest will be allowed.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended. Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,
JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

WOOL! WOOL!

WM. MURRAY & SON want you to bring your wool to Altoona and get the highest market price, either CASH OR TRADE. We have the largest stock of Dry Goods, Notions and Carpets in Central Pennsylvania to select from.

WM. MURRAY & SON,
1315 and 1317 Eleventh Ave.,
June 8th, 1888.-3m. Altoona, Pa.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Strayed away from Glen White, Pa., about July 1st, a black cow with white spots, white belly, and "crumpled horns." A satisfactory reward will be paid for information of her whereabouts.

Address MICHAEL MAZENKO,
Kittanning Point, Blair Co., Pa.

Aug. 10, 1888.

NOTICE TO BONDHOLDERS.—Notice is hereby given to all persons holding or owning coupon bonds issued by the county of Cambria to present them to the treasurer of said county of Cambria for payment on September 1st, 1888, as after that date interest will cease on the same.

JOHN CAMPBELL,
JOHN KINEY, } Com'rs.
J. G. LLOYD,
Attest: D. A. McGOUGH, Clerk.

Ebensburg, July 27, 1888.-6t.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following accounts have been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., and will be confirmed by said court on the first Monday of September next unless cause be shown to the contrary.

First and final account of John Ryan, assignee of John B. Clark and wife for benefit of creditors.

First and partial account of J. R. O'Connor, assignee of Jacob Trexler and wife for benefit of creditors.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

Ebensburg, Aug. 10, 1888.

VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned will sell their farm, situated in Allegheny township, adjoining lands of D. A. McGough, A. J. Self, Henry Mansfield, and others, containing 118 acres, 60 acres cleared and 58 well timbered with oak, hemlock, cucumber and hickory. A good two-story plank house and frame barn, together with all necessary outbuildings, a never failing spring of water and a stream of water running through the farm. There is also 75 choice apple, pear and peach trees on the premises. The above property will be sold at a price and terms to suit the purchaser and a good warrantee deed guaranteed.

MARY FURY,
ANN FURY,
June 1st. Loretto Postoffice, Pa.

TRIAL LIST.

List of cases down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg, commencing on Monday, September 3rd, 1888.

FIRST WEEK.

Gallagher et al.....vs. Durbin.

SECOND WEEK.

Miller.....vs. Pringle.
Miller.....vs. Stoltz.
Pfeffer.....vs. Schmitt
Harter.....vs. Westover.
Schroth.....vs. Crock et al.
Horing.....vs. Bennett.
Lonerstreth.....vs. Johns.
Couch.....vs. Edwards.
O'Connor.....vs. Higgins et al.
Notley.....vs. Kramer, Mann & Co.
Easly.....vs. Ripple & Lloyd.
Donohoe.....vs. Judy.
Same.....vs. Scott.
Thomas for use.....vs. Lloyd et al.
Coy for use.....vs. Same.
Thomas.....vs. Same.
Eger.....vs. Leahey.
Suppes.....vs. Johnstown Lumber Co.
Trexler.....vs. Rhody et al.
Johnstown Milling Co.....vs. Hanna.
Snyder.....vs. Cambria Iron Co.
1st Nat'l Bank Alto'a.....vs. Duncan.
Stabler.....vs. Craver.
Peden.....vs. Peden.
Helle.....vs. Boyle.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

Ebensburg, Aug. 10, 1888.

WANTED--AGENTS

FOR OUR Choice and Hardy Nursery Stock. Steady work for energetic, temperate men. Salary and expenses, or commission if preferred. The business quickly and easily learned. Satisfaction guaranteed to customers and agents. Write immediately for terms. State age. Address

R. G. CHASE & CO.
1439 South Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Aug. 10,-3m.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS,
EBENSBURG, PA.

J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cosy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for one of the largest, oldest established, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, N. Y. 36cow.

THE MILLER ORGAN

IS THE FINEST AND BEST.

It stands at the head of all good organs. Those who desire to have the best organ should acquaint themselves with the merits of our instruments. Don't take our word for what we say, but see and test our instruments. If no dealer sells our organs in your locality, write to the factory.

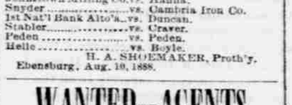
Unequalled in Construction. Elegant in Design.

BUY NO OTHER.

Address MILLER ORGAN CO., Catalogues, &c., free. LEBANON, Pa.

WE WANT YOU!

To send us 40 cents for one of our



6-in. FARM WRENCHES.

Light, Handy and Strong, will Outwear and Outlast two Ordinary Wrenches.

YOU WANT An ELLRICH Household S. D. Set.

This set consists of a Rosewood Handle and four interchangeable blades (2 screw drivers and 2 chisels fitting same) packed in neat wood box. This tool is constantly useful everywhere, around the house, at the office, in the shop, on the farm. Sent free on receipt of $1.60.

Ask Your Local Dealer

for them, if he has not got them, he will get them for you, or we will send either on receipt of price, as above. *Send stamp for our illustrated catalogue.*

ELLRICH & CO.,
Plantsville, Conn.

GREAT AMERICAN MEAT-CUTTER.

Unequalled and pronounced the best for Hash, Sausage Mince Meat, Scrapple, Croquettes, Hamburg Steak, &c., &c. No. 120 sent, express prepaid, on receipt of $2.50.

AMERICAN M'F'G CO.,
224 & Washington Ave.,
Philadelphia.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS WITHOUT CHANGE,

St. Louis to Los Angeles and San Francisco,
VIA THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE
Leave St. Louis at 8:30 P. M., Daily.
THE ONLY LINE THAT DOES IT.
NO HIGH ALTITUDES. NO SNOW BLOCKADES

DR. DIX'S CELEBRATED FEMALE POWDERS. Safe, speedy and always effectual. Used by 10,000 American women. Guaranteed superior to all other powders, or cash refunded. Sent by mail, $1. Particulars 4c. Dr. Dix, 8 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Life of HENRY WARD BEECHER bound in cloth and gold, finely illustrated, giving his life from the birth to his death. Price One Dollar. Expressage prepaid.

UNION BOOK CO.,
Station G., Brooklyn, N.Y.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY IS NOW!

Our Great Annual Sale of Odds and Ends COMMENCES TO-DAY.

From now until the first of September our attention will be devoted to our Great Sale of Odds and Ends, and the public will be afforded an opportunity to purchase reliable, well-made and honest clothing at the lowest prices ever heard of in Johnstown. All our odd suits that were selling right along at $9, $10, $11 and $12 have been placed side by side on one separate table and can now be bought for $8.50 a suit. Our stock of $3, $3.50 and $4 odd pants will now be sold for $2.50 a pair, and odd vests worth 75c. and $1—you can buy at 50c. each. Odd coats from $2 up; Seersucker coats and vests, 68c.; light stiff hats from 75c. to $1.50.

BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

WOOLF, SON & THOMAS,
Leading Clothiers of Johnstown, Pa.

WATERTOWN STEAM ENGINE CO.,

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Manufacturers of STEAM ENGINES and BOILERS Of All Kinds.

Write for Catalogue.

WHY WILL PEOPLE use the Impure and Unwholesome Refrigerators which are lined with wood, and other metals, that cause gastric troubles and also children's diseases by tainting milk, when they can get

REFRIGERATORS LINED WITH Stoneware and Indurated Fibre,

which are free from absorption, corrosion and animal and vegetable odors, and are the PERFECTION OF SANITARY REFRIGERATORS. Catalogues, giving full explanations and descriptions will be mailed free on application.

MONROE BROS.,
Central Way and Jefferson Street,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Our New Combination Shot Gun and Rifle. We have the best three barrel combination gun made, a perfect breech-loader for $9.50. We want to introduce them and will offer a sample free. OUR EMPEROR GUNS are the very best and OUR MAN ON THE ROAD, who visits the sporting goods trade in the market, with whom you can send by express to a One Mile Cartridge Vehicle, will call on you. Send 25 cts. for a One Mile Cartridge Vehicle, address and he must

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WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, listless, and indescribably miserable, both mentally and bodily? Is your appetite poor, with a feeling of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter taste in the mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, want of sleep, constant pains in the back, sides and joints, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, nightmare, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—

Mental Effect of Hot Weather.

One of the most interesting studies bearing upon this subject (of the relation of mind to matter) is found in observing the effects of high temperature upon different organizations. The nervous, sensitive, egotistic man, when the thermometer ranges among the nineties, is chiefly intent upon publishing his perpetual discomfort. Instead of sitting still and cooling his mind through work or general diversion, he moves busily about telling everybody how hot it is, with gestures and ejaculations to match. He is a mental radiator, bent upon transmitting his own conditions to other minds, and, without intending it, is generating his own discomfort within others.

On the other hand, the man of even temperament, of cool mind, avoids all mention of physical and thermal condition on a hot day. His purpose is to get his mind as far away from them as possible. He hears his nervous friend fling down his pen or spade and declare in is too hot for work. To him congenial work is the very best means of keeping his attention away from physical discomfort. One feels comparatively cool in this man's presence. He is a partial refrigerator and transmits his own conditions.

The mere physical temperature of a man on a hot day is not the measure of discomfort. In this busy season hundreds of New England farmers toil in open fields in the hot sun in such excessive perspiration that hardly a dry thread is found on them through the day. But if one is accosted on the roadside and reminded that it is a terribly hot day, he will generally reply with true Yankee drollery that it is splendid weather for corn. The farmer's mind is on the hay and corn crops instead of the heat. His mind is kept cool by congenial labor and the promise of good crops.

What is true of man is true of beast. One of the most painful sights to a person of kindheart is to see the distress of horses that pull the street cars on a scorching day. These animals receive the best care and treatment by the companies, and their muscular strength is not overtaxed so far as mere work is concerned. A horse doing the same work on a country road would not perspire much. It is the tremendous strain upon their nerves caused by constant fear of losing their feet on the smooth pavement when starting the car that chiefly induces their sweat and semi-torture. Even with a horse it is the condition of mind that largely decides its power to endure heat and work.

Bottles Made of Paper.

An attempt, now being made on an extended scale to introduce bottles made of paper into this country, deserves some passing notice. The paper bottle industry has achieved considerable success in Chicago, and is gradually extending throughout the United States. Foremost among the advantages accruing from this new adaptation of paper is the fact that the bottles are unbreakable, while the cost at which they can be placed on the market is considerably lower than that of an article of the same size in glass, stoneware or tin. A great saving in weight is moreover effected, a desideratum of no small moment where cost of carriage of large numbers has to be taken into consideration, while the cost of packing is reduced to a minimum, for breaking in transit, which is a constant source of loss with glass bottles, is obviously impossible. Special machinery is employed in the manufacture of paper bottles. A long strip of paper of requisite thickness having been formed into a tube by bending around a circular "mandrel," is covered externally with an outer glazed sheet, bearing any printed labels to be employed; the tube is then cut into short lengths, to the ends of which are added bottoms, tops and necks of paper—or of wood if special strength is required—nothing further being necessary beyond pouring in and lining the inside with a composition which, on setting, will effectually resist the action of acids, spirits, inks, dyes, etc. The utilization of paper is constantly receiving new adaptations, a bare enumeration of which would constitute a formidable list, while enough has been said to demonstrate that the latest development of this material in the bottle making industry bids fair to hold not an unimportant part in the varied uses now obtained from paper.

Grains of Gold.

Anger manages everything badly.

Hear instructions and be wise, and refuse it not.

Wherever the speech is corrupted, the mind is also.

A crowd always thinks with its sympathy, never with its reason.

An angry man is again angry with himself when he returns to reason.

Example is a dangerous lure; where the wasp got through the knat sticks fast.

If anger is not restrained, it is frequently more hurtful to use than the injury that provokes it.

He submits himself to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

There is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we take uprightly.

It is a good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first because one cannot hold out that proportion.

There is this good in real evils, they deliver us while they last from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

Some people think black is the color of heaven, and that the more they can make their faces look like midnight, the more evidence they have of grace.

OILCLOTHS should never be washed in hot soap-suds; they should first be washed clean with cold water, then rubbed dry with a cloth wet with milk. The same treatment applies to a stone or slate hearth.

IT is not necessary for a good liar to see a sea serpent. He can describe one from the old files.

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THE NEW QUININE.

GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

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Farm Notes.

A poor horse eats as much as a good one; scrub cattle as much as grades or thoroughbreds; mongrel poultry as much as grades or pure breeds. Then why keep inferiar stock?

It has been remarked that the farmers who best succeed in this country are those who devote their chief attention to some one product which is favored by their special soil and climate.

Tomatoes trained to stakes give the sweetest fruit and remain in bearing longest, though many cultivators, who grow for size and quantity, believe they have the best results when growing them on the level ground.

It is not important that a young calf should have whole milk, except during the first two or three days, while the cow's milk is unfit for other use. That skimmed and warmed to blood heat is better than whole milk after it has become cold.

The value of any kind of farm stock is very largely determined by its feeding the first year of its life. Breeding counts for much, though every successful breeder knows how greatly the character of a young animal is changed by innutricious or improper food.

Don't break, but train the colt. Begin the lessons with the halter early, and let the education continue until you have a perfectly trained horse. Do not wean the colt too soon. Feed the dam and colt freely but with care. Corn should be used sparingly, as it is fat-producing. The colt will early learn to eat oats with the dam.

The most experienced shepherds advise that sheep should never be turned into a yard with cattle and other stock. Their timid nature makes them a prey to all other animals, and hence they should be guarded from harm. They are hooked about by the cattle, and playfully stamped upon by the horses and colts. Give them their own particular domain.

As corn cannot properly be given in very large porportion in the milk ration, it would be profitable to exchange a ton of corn for a ton of roller bran. If corn is to be fed to sheep, separately from the fodder, as sheep masticate more perfectly than cattle, it would be better to feed shelled corn with bran. But for horses and cattle, corn should be ground and mixed with the coarse fodder.

As far as chemistry can decide, the mineral ingredients of straw undergo no change by long or short contact with animal excrement. The rotting straw may, and probably does, absorb additional nitrogen, chlorine, and other volatile manural elements, either from the air, or from the manure in contact with it, and thus increase in value. The manurial elements of the straw itself cannot be changed.

One hog, kept to the age of one year, if furnished with suitable material, will convert a cartload per month into a fertilizer which will produce a good crop of corn. Twelve loads per year multiplied by the number of hogs usually kept by our farmers would make sufficient fertilizing substance to grow the corn used by them; or, in other words, the hog would pay in manure its keeping. In this way we can afford to make pork at low prices, but in no other way can it be done without loss to the farmer.

The Story of „Annie Laurie."

The famous song that is sung by all singers of the present day, I am informed is a mystery as to the author. I was raised on the next farm to James Maurie, Annie Laurie's father. I was personally acquainted with both her and her father, and also with the author of the song. Knowing these facts, I have been requested by my friends to give the public the benefit of my knowledge, which I have consented to do. Annie Laurie was born in 1827, and was about seventeen years old when the incident occurred which gave rise to the song bearing her name. James Laurie, Annie's father, was a farmer, who lived and owned a large farm called Thraglestown, in Dumfrieshire, Scotland. He hired a great deal of help, and among those he employed was a man by the name of Wallace to act as foreman, and while in his employ Mr. Wallace fell in love with Annie Laurie, which fact her father soon learned, and forthwith discharged him. He went to his home, which was in Maxwelton, and was taken sick the very night he reached there, and the next morning when Annie Laurie heard of it, she came to his bedside and waited on him until he died, and on his death bed he composed the song entitled "Annie Laurie."

A MAN who acquires the habit of giving away to depression is on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his faculties, he grows dull and his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks in the slough of despair; and, if anybody pulls him out by main force, and places him safe on solid ground he stands dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which have been given him. How different it is with the man who takes a cheery view of life even at its worst and faces every ill with unyielding pluck? He may be swept away by an overwhelming tide of misfortune but he bravely struggles for the shore, and is ever ready to make the most of the help that may be given him. A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is an invaluable trait of character, and should be assiduously cultivated.

How Type is Made.

It takes a great deal of work to make type. Every letter has to be handled by five persons after it is cast. The first thing done is cutting the letter on the end of a fine piece of steel, forming a punch. The punch is driven into a piece of polished copper, which makes the matrix. The matrix of the face of the letter and the mold for the body of type are put into type casting machines, fed with melted metal, and the letters turned out one at a time, dropping from the machine like the ticking of a watch. A great deal of work is required in finishing the type, and when at last they are apparently all right, each letter is examined under a microscope, and the defective ones are rejected.

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"When my child was born, the doctor ordered one of the other Foods. She ate that until she nearly died. I had three doctors, who said the trouble was Indigestion, and ordered the food changed to Lactated Food. It saved my child's life, and I owe you many thanks for it. I regard your Food as invaluable, and superior to all other artificial food for babies.
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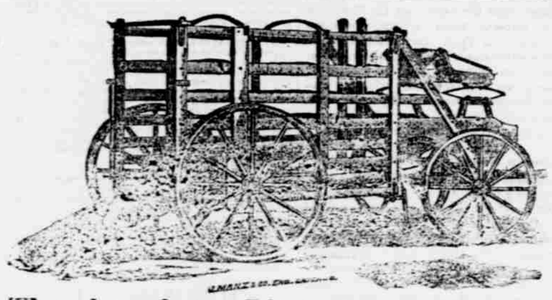

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WILL NOT RUN OVER
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EVERY PAIR WARRANTED
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No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.
TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.
Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 18, 1883-tf.

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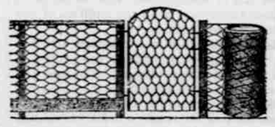

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Advice to Husbands.

You have no right to take the pleasures of the home without also taking its responsibilities. You owe something to your children besides food, shelter, clothing and education. He who gives them only this makes his house only a half-orphan's asylum. Every father ought to father his own children. The evening hour ought to be the children's hour. I know you have come home tired; I know the day has been one long battle, and that you are weary with questions to be answered and problems to be solved. But I also know that the best way to lay down business cares is to take up home cares; that the best way to keep young is to give an hour every day after supper to the children—to their sports, their life-problems and their life joys. He that giveth his life shall save it. But were it otherwise, it is unheroic, unchivalric, cowardly, to run away and leave all the cares of the children at night on the same shoulders which have borne them all day.

You owe something else to your wife than a house and money to keep it a going. You would owe this to your housekeeper. To leave every evening and go off to the gosip of your club or of the village store is not keeping your promise to leave all others and cleve only unto her. To leave her sit in loneliness while the lazy clock ticks the hours away is not keeping your promise to comfort and cherish her. When you took her from her father's home you bound yourself to provide her with a new one, and you do not fulfill that pledge in providing her a cell, however luxurious it may be, for the lonely life of a married old maid. No wife ought to be left by her husband to be a nun. Put yourself in her place. Send her off for a week on a visit; spend your evenings alone—six of them will be enough for an experiment—and see how you like it. Or, if you cannot persuade her to desert you for even a week, though you have deserted her for many a week, perhaps many a month, imagine your positions reversed.

Imagine her going off to her club, her sewing circle, her gossip with a neighbor, night after night, leaving you to sit alone in your solitary room—a married old bachelor. How would you like it? Why is not sauce for the goose sauce also for the gander? How does your life look to you when measured by the Golden Rule? Are you doing to the one you profess to love best as you would have her to do to you?

Women in Dakota.

It is very common to find a lone and unprotected female "holding down a claim," as the Western phrase runs. The women of the East would look aghast at the prospect of living alone in a sod house for six months, miles from the nearest neighbor. Yet experience proves that the "unprotected" is much safer out on the lonely prairie than she would be in New York City. I never heard or read of a woman on a homestead receiving an insult at the hands of anybody. To be sure, they are always armed, and know how to handle a pistol, but they rarely have a more deadly use for it than the killing of a jack rabbit or a prairie dog. Such women complain more of loneliness than fear. For whatever charms solitude may have for the sage, it certainly has none for the fair sex, not even for our hardy Western representatives of it. Here is one of their ingenious ways of avoiding it: Two of them will locate on adjoining "quarters," and build their houses on the dividing line, so that while each house is on its occupant's claim, the two structures are practically one for the ladies to call on each other and discuss social topics. They are all provided with ponies, and think nothing of a horseback ride of fifteen or twenty miles, either for business or pleasure.

A Sunshiny Wife.

What a blessing to a household is a merry, cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the house like a little piece of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smiles, and the electrical brightness of her looks and movements infect every one. The children go to schoo! with a sense of something great to be achieved; her husband goes into the world in a couqueror's spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him all day, afar off her presence shines and he whispers to himself: "At home I shall find rest." So, day by day, she literally renews his strength and energy; and if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find that he has a wife of this kind.

Forgot He Was Married.

A young man, who until recently had lived at the house of his father, married a few weeks ago and went to live in other apartments. Soon after, at the end of his day's work, he left the office, bought an evening paper and climbed the hill to his father's house. Entering the familiar precincts, he went to the wash-room, made his toilet and presented himself at the table. The family, who had been watching him curiously, eyed him with amazement, and at last his mother softly inquired: "Robert, have you already procured a divorce?" A flush suffused the young man's face, which rapidly changed to crimson. Leaving the table amid a roar of laughter, he hurried out and walked rapidly to his own abode where his young wife was impatiently and anxiously awaiting him. He had forgotten that he was married.

ANY gold jewelry that an immersion in water will not injure, can be beautifully cleaned by shaking it well in a bottle nearly half full of warm soapsuds; to which a little prepared chalk has been added, and afterwards rinsing in clear, cold water, and wiping it dry.

A VERY thin coat of what is known as French picture varnish will restore chromos and oil-paintings to their original brightness.

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The family jar is often the joy.

Use sin as it will use you; spare not.

A man is not whole till he is his better half.

To get things out of a child's hair comb it.

The bored of trade—the clerks of the counters.

Alum or vinegar will set the color red, green or yellow.

Something that should be looked at—a pretty girl's eyes.

Strong vinegar will cure the bleeding give a teaspoonful.

Knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.

How to get even with some men—them what you owe them.

The baker, strange to say, more than any other man kneads bread.

Learn in manhood to unlearn the follies and mistakes of early youth.

Why is a tooth drawn like a thing forgotten? Because it is out of the head.

Flannels should be dried in the shade and, if possible, ironed while damp.

France put $212,000,000 into the Panama canal before she got disheartened.

Give things the right color and after varnishing them over with a false one.

We frequently confess our little sins in order to have it thought that we have no great ones.

A man says his wife is only half a telescope. He can draw her out but he can't shut her up.

There are some men so talkative that nothing but the toothache can make some of them hold his jaw.

A five pound lemon has been raised in California. Such a lemon should last a circus man a life time.

A woman isn't fit to have a baby if she doesn't know how to hold it; and this is as true of a tongue as a baby.

Every man cherishes in his heart some object, some shrine of secret adoration is paid unknown to the world low mortals.

If every one had to do his own dusting instead of getting it done for him the world would be one great powder society.

The Empress of Japan is taking lessons on the piano. The Mikado's five seven physicians are giving him every attention.

A much-abused editor wrote his brother journalist calling him an ass and then thoughtlessly signed himself "Yours fraternally."

Never lay your heart at a woman's feet. Hold it up proud and high and make her climb for it. She will like it all the better when she gets it.

Fashionable society ladies are making a war against the bustle. Hereafter will be used solely for base ball mats and rat traps.

"What becomes of old moons, pa?" "The old moons, my son? Why they die of newmoonia, to be sure.

If you want to have a man for a friend never get the ill-will of his wife. Public opinion is made of the average judices of woman kind.

The editor who saw a lady waiting for the only seat in the street car long himself "crowded out" to make room for "more interesting matter."

Wife—tearfully: Oh, John, John, why do you always come home full? Husband—soothingly: Don't know m' dear, 'cess' tis Nator abhorrin' vacuum.

"He seems to have been shot in the diaphragm," said the doctor. "Oh, no!" exclaimed the weeping wife, "he was shot in the lower end of the saloon."

A writer in an Irish newspaper, after mentioning the wreck of a vessel on the Skerries, rejoices that all the crew was saved, except four hogsheads of molasses.

Said a fault-finding man to his wife: "Your bad cookery is rather apt to spoil the dinner." "It don't spoil half as often as your bad temper does," was the retort.

"Smantha, I'm going to let go your hand for a minute, but you won't be mad will you darling? I would let go till you did, only some horrid bug is crawling down my back, and I can't keep my mind on you and bugs at the same time?"

A little Harlem boy, whose inquisitive parents are always moving from one house to another, was asked by the Sunday-school teacher:

"Why did the Israelites move out of Egypt?"

"Because they couldn't pay their rent, I suppose, was the reply.

Mrs. Bullion (to the principal of the school attended by her daughter—Dear Madam: "My daughter Clarice informs me that last year she was obliged to study vulgar fractions. I do not let this happen again. If the dear child must study fractions let them be as refined as possible"

What Housewives Should Know.

Wash all marble daily with ammonia and water in place of soapsuds.

The flesh of fresh fish should be firm, the gills should be light red, and the scales silvery.

Young veal may be told by the bone in the cutlet. If it is very small the veal is not good.

A wineglass of strong borax water in a pint of raw starch will make collars and cuffs stiff and glossy.

Wash mirrors in warm suds, then dust with whiting from a muslin bag and polish with chamois skin.

It is false economy to buy stale anything; the freshest is none to good especially at this season of the year.

Buy perfectly fresh fruit and vegetables free from sprouts and only in quantities that admit of immediate use.

Rub your lamp chimneys after washing with dry salt, and you will be surprised at the new brilliance of your lights.

To clean ornaments of alabaster dissolve borax in boiling water and wash with a cloth or soft brush, rinse carefully and dry in the sun.

Good eggs may be quickly designated by their dull shell and clear appearance. An old egg, as a rule, has a dull porous looking shell.

To raise the pile of plush or velvet, dampen on the wrong side with clear cold water, then hold right across the face of a hot iron and rub up the crushed spot with a clean, stiff brush.